Vol. CXXXVII. No. 1778.

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JANUARY 12, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

"Snow Holiday" — More Pictures

Arnold Haskell on the Ballet

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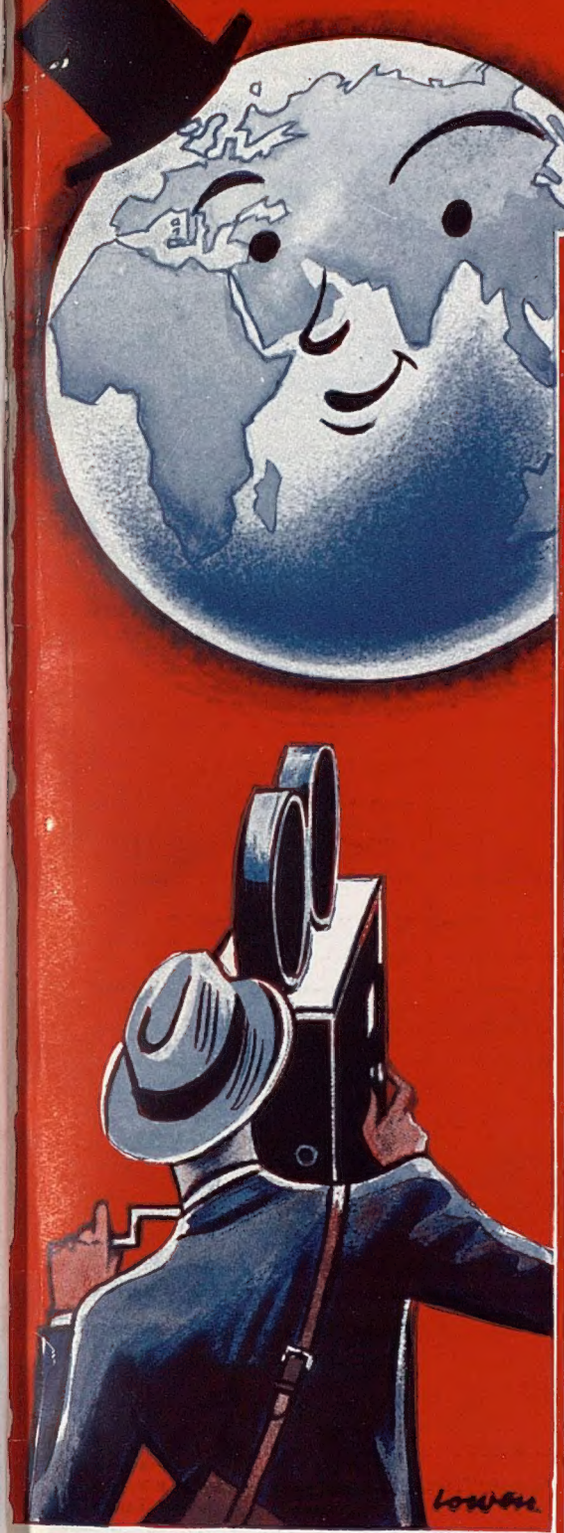

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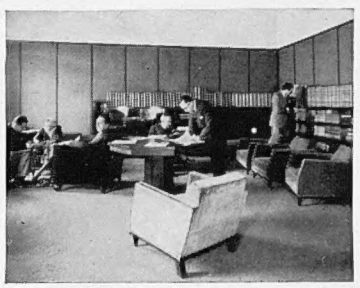

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The Bystander

Peter North

The Countess of Ronaldshay Has Had a Son

The Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay's son and heir was born just after Christmas in London. His parents were married in 1936; Lady Ronaldshay was Penelope Pike, and is the daughter of Colonel Ebenezer Pike and Mrs. Pike ("Olive Snell," the artist). Lord Ronaldshay is the elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland; he went to India as A.D.C. to Lord Halifax towards the end of the latter's Viceroyalty. Now he and his wife live in London. Lady Ronaldshay's sister is the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett, wife of Lord Esher's only son

The Polish Ballet Rehearsing "A Chopin Concerto"

The Polish Ballet

An Announcement of Birth

● This is the first of a new series of articles on the Ballet by Mr. Haskell which will appear monthly in the "Bystander"

By Arnold L. Haskell

A HEALTHY feature of the past few years in ballet has been the steady growth of national movements, prospering or arising directly out of the world-spread of the Russian Ballet under de Basil: Sadler's Wells (pre-de Basil), the American Ballet, the Philadelphia Ballet, and now the Polish Ballet. And no birth could be more natural or more welcome than the last. In the past, the Poles have contributed lavishly to the Russian tradition, particularly in male dancing: Kchesinsky and his great daughter, La Kchesinska; Nijinsky and his great sister, La Nijinska; Woizikovsky, Idzikovsky, and de Basil's fine trio, Jasinsky, Shabelevsky, and Lazovsky. The residence of the maestro, Cecchetti, at Warsaw, has borne fruit.

THE Polish Ballet is more than welcome in the family, but it would have taken its place more effectively in a year's time. It has been born in an orgy of patriotic enthusiasm. The French souvenir programme was a masterpiece of naïveté, so complete as to be charming, making every kind of grandiloquent claim for the infant whom it treated like a grande dame, and forgetting the scantiest acknowledgment of its Russian godparent, to whom, balletically, it owes everything. Poland has no need to be on the defensive, for no one could deny her artistic right to enjoy a national ballet.

This aggressive patriotism was doubtless responsible for the premature appearance of the four-months-old child. For four months it is in a healthy enough condition; no one could have accomplished as much as Nijinska, but that is not the point. The result as shown at Covent Garden is not yet fair to Poland or to her. (I am not indulging in the current habit of comparisons, either. The person who compares the Poles to de Basil, or de Basil to Diaghileff is my pet aversion. One day I will do murder!) It is strange that the Polish Ballet won the Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition. Either Paris has lost her critical judgment in matters of dancing (which I have long suspected), or she has been wooing Poland with tremendous energy. A christening mug, or even one of those hundreds of gold medals, I could have understood. Sadler's Wells came away with the best press and no award; but again I will avoid comparisons. It is not my function to distribute medals.

LET us take the Polish Ballet on its own merits: its company is young, attractive, enthusiastic, strongly rhythmical, and able to give a reasonably good account of itself in anything that is not stylised or classical. There it does not at present exist. It has as its inspiration not only a great choregrapher (remember *Les Noces*), but the greatest pedagogue among choregraphers.

Its décor is on a very high level indeed; its artistic direction—Nijinska again—as shown by lighting, made it alone in ballet in getting the maximum effect out of Covent Garden's fine new plant. The music was disappointing, but in quality the four new works were up to the average for contemporary ballet music, which is low—hence the symphonies—and the conductor, M. Mierzejewski, exceptionally fine. It has not inherited a score of classics, but given us five new works. "How could you do it?" Nijinska was asked, and cited Mrs. Dionne as a precedent.

THE most important work was the Chopin concerto in E minor, another highly controversial subject. The main point against such a choice seems to me to be that the piano is already the soloist. However, the company's actual dancing was so very sketchy that it was difficult to grasp the many passages in which movement paralleled music with great sensitivity. Nina Youchkevitch (a Russian, let us whisper it), a strong technical dancer, was very far from her best; Olga Slavska gave us natural grace, charm, and beauty—what beauty!—but a technique far too scant, and the pair was ill-matched. The partnering increased the spectator's nervous condition. We shall have to judge this work next year.

The Recall, an interesting ballet, again suffered through inadequate interpretation, the acting of the hero who forsakes the world of elegance for his native soil and dance being all important. The young Dokudowski is a very promising dancer—I have watched him at Preobrajenska's for some years—but in this, his first real engagement, he was lost on the stage, and so was the rôle. The atmosphere was entirely provided by the delicate décor, beautifully lit.

IN *The Eternal Apollo* one could see Nijinska's tremendous skill. The music assigned her was of the film "musical" type, complete with theme-song whenever Apollo met the Beauty and "clicked"—the word is indispensable. Nijinska treated this in the only possible manner, as a succession of music-hall scenes from Olympus to the fashionable Plage. (She started the Beach as a subject in *Le Train Bleu*.) Each one of these scenes revealed ingenious choreography that, adequately danced, would have been a smash hit in a revue, especially the corner of a ballroom in 1840, when the treacly music suddenly found itself and became an asset. This was good entertainment, whatever its failings as a serious ballet.

THE two ballets that proved a success were the most national in inspiration. Poland is rich in her native dances (and costumes), and La Nijinska succeeded beyond a doubt in the difficult task of translating them for the stage. *The Song of the Soil*, a simple picture of the countryside—lovers' parade, wedding, and harvest festival—brought us something fresh, even if the music was over-inspired by Stravinsky, and the company danced it with such fine spirit that they forced one to overlook the roughness. They wore their costumes with meaning, though the mother looked as young as her daughter, and the lie of the men's wigs suggested Groucho Marx.

The other national ballet, *The Legend of Cracow*, told the story of Pan Twardowski, a Polish Faust, and culminated in one of those satanic orgies that are the rage to-day, after being dead for a century: Fokine in *Don Juan*, Massine in *La Symphonie Fantastique*, Ashton in *Apparitions*. This scene was not enhanced by the costumes, but the choregraphic picture came straight from the romantic painting of Géricault or Delacroix, and Pan Twardowski was truly in hell. His deliverance lacked the musical climax the subject demanded. A pity to have delivered him, perhaps, since the legend tells us that he was condemned to sit astride on the point of the crescent moon until Judgment Day!

IF this experience is taken in the right spirit, the Poles will have learned a great lesson. In ballet, as in other things, patriotism is not enough. It is necessary to build with humility and infinite patience. Every dancer realises this, and will wish for the present to avoid being used as a national emblem. Any connoisseur could have seen that the foundations were there. In any case, Nijinska is a guarantee. Now patient work at the barre, working at exercises elaborated by French and Italian tradition—a hundred per cent. nationality does not exist in art—and this very pleasing young company will leave the nursery to take its proper place in the world of ballet. Its London friends (and it has made many) will be the first to wish it luck and to welcome it as an annual visitor.

Photographs by Anthony

Margot Fonteyn

In Her Odette-Odile Role in "Le Lac des Cygnes"

In December Margot Fonteyn made her first appearance as Odile in Act II of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, and then in the double part in a complete performance of the whole ballet. This season she is able to fulfil with strength, confidence, and a high degree of finish the exacting technical demands made on Odile, and her whole performance of the dual role, dramatically, emotionally and technically, has the quality and power of a true ballerina's dancing. Also in December she made her first appearance this season in *Giselle* and gave her audience an afternoon of unforgettable pleasure by the simple gaiety and heartrending pathos of her performance in Act I, the dignity and spirituality she now brings to her role in Act II. And all her dancing, in whatever type of ballet, has that rare subtlety of co-ordination with the music that by comparison makes an exact timekeeper appear to be in front of the beat

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 54 : Kay Stammers

IF it is not ungallant to say so, it always appears to me that our tennis girls are ever so much prettier than our women golfers. Kay Stammers is no exception. With her retroussée nose, perfect white teeth, and hazel eyes, she is most photogenic. Born at St. Albans, she first caught the limelight by winning the Hertfordshire Junior Championship at the age of fourteen. Then she had three goes at the Wimbledon Junior event. Finally she reached the final but was beaten by Sheila Hewitt who would probably be the world champion to-day if her doctor allowed her to play. On this occasion, by-the-bye, Kay Stammers served eighteen double faults. When she played in the real Championship at Wimbledon she was beaten in the first round by Dorothy Round. Since then she and Freda James have won the Doubles title twice and she herself won the Hard Court Championship at Bournemouth. But in my opinion the best thing she ever did was in 1935 when she stopped Helen Wills-Moody in two straight sets (6—0, 6—4). In recent months her form has not been so good. But she is really getting down to it again, though who will partner her at Wimbledon, with Freda James and Dorothy Round both out of it, in July I don't know.

MEANTIME Kay Stammers has many other interests besides lawn tennis. She hunts with the Hertfordshire and the South Dorset. She plays golf (right-handed) and a certain amount of squash. She thinks that Anita Lizana is likely to win the 1938 Championships and would like to partner Donald Budge in the Mixed Doubles. Her "fighting" weight is 8 st. 10 lb. Her height is 5 ft. 5 in., and how she loves circuses! We went to Olympia together. Her eyes sparkled, her lips were parted in excitement. Kay Stammers is completely unspoilt, adores dancing, writes left-handed, lets fly when angry, but is usually much too happy-go-lucky to get upset, never misses a night's sleep even during Wimbledon, designs her own clothes and has been attached in a consulting capacity to a shop in Conduit Street for two years. She has a very handsome mother and a father who is with the Atlas Insurance Company. She also has a passion for oysters and Scotties, and thinks that Jon Hall is a pretty good film actor (we 'll be seeing him soon in *Hurricane*), but though I may have to eat my words in the near future, I guess that she is still heart-whole and fancy free.

Charles Graves

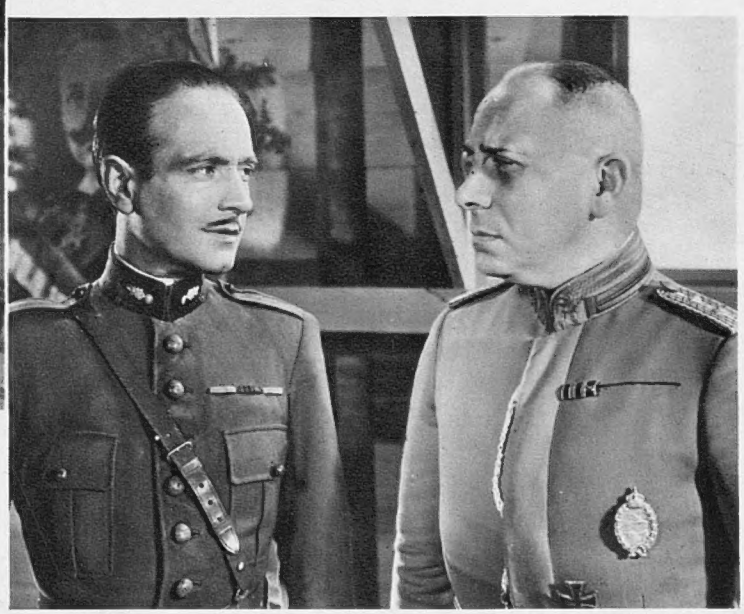
The War Once More

But a New Aspect in "The Great Illusion"

The Great Illusion (Academy Cinema) is a war film, but it has nothing to do with fighting or with Norman Angell's book. The scene is a war-prisoners' camp in Germany, which is dominated by the one idea—escape. Jean Renoir, France's prize-winning director, has made an inspired, authentic film, in which Erich von Stroheim, as the prison's governor, gets a chance to portray a German who is neither bigoted nor sinister. The characters of the French prisoners and the effect of confinement are also shrewdly drawn. A strong sense of war's futility has been infused into, rather than stamped on, the film, and it is said that this debarred it from first prize at Venice. A special prize, however, was created for it—the "international jury cup for the world's most artistic film, 1937," and it was forthwith banned in Italy (and Germany)

Jean Gabin's tough men are already well known in England; in this film he plays an ex-mechanic who has risen from the ranks to be a lieutenant

Dita Parlo is a peasant girl who shelters runaways



Right: Erich von Stroheim, who was Frl. Parlo's spy chief in "Mademoiselle Docteur," plays a German aristocrat whose caste unites him with his enemy, but social equal, de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)

Snow Story of the Week

The Characters Have St. Moritz and Davos Settings

Prince and Princess Sigvard Bernadotte

Prince and Princess Sigvard Bernadotte were off driving in a St. Moritz sleigh. He is the Crown Prince of Sweden's second son, became Mr. Bernadotte when he married in 1934 against the King of Sweden's wishes, but has now been permitted to use the title of Prince again

M. and Mme. Marcel Rochas

The French dress-designer and his wife have been ski-ing in Davos, and were just setting out from their hotel

Three Curzon Sisters

The Hon. Anne Curzon is the eldest of the trio and nearly fifteen; the other two are Gloria and Juliana. They are at St. Moritz with their mother, Lady Scarsdale

Mrs. Claire O'Rorke

Mrs. O'Rorke (Tunie Karri-Davies that was) had just arrived in St. Moritz with her magpie ski-ing clothes

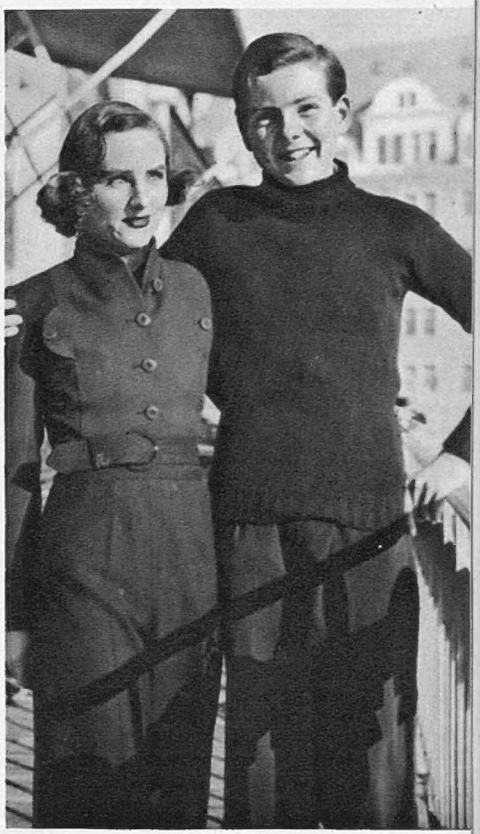
Lady Mappin and Mr. Embiricos

Lady Mappin, Sir Charles Mappin's wife, was walking down to watch the bobsleigh opening with "Nicky" Embiricos, who had arrived with his wife from Paris that day

Lady Claud Hamilton and Mrs. Tresfon both have children with them in St. Moritz; the former her fifteen-year-old daughter, Pamela Newall, and the latter two sons, one at Cambridge and one at school

Sisters-in-Law

Thelma Lady Furness and Mrs. Harry Hays Morgan were well wrapped-up for watching the latter's husband, who is president of the Cresta, perform the ceremony of opening the Run



Mother and Son

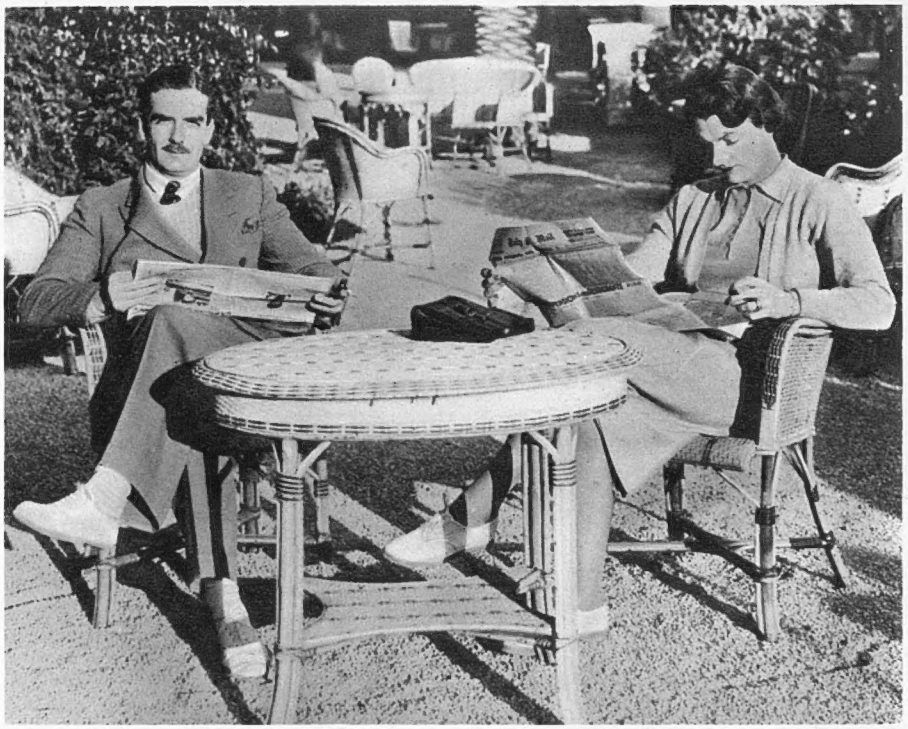
Lady Plunket is at St. Moritz with two of her sons, and here she is with Patrick, the eldest. She wears a very neat ski-ing suit—red jacket, black trousers, and a black scarf

Below: Prince and Princess Starhemberg are honeymooning at St. Moritz. She was Nora Gregor, the Austrian actress

Famous Ski-ers—the Kessler Sister and Brother

Above: Miss Jeanette Kessler and her brother Duncan were leaving their hotel in St. Moritz in the first of the morning sun for the higher ski-ing fields

Left: Lord Gort is yet another celebrity at St. Moritz, and was moving uphill on the Suvretta slopes. He first met his present "master," the Minister for War, in Switzerland



The Foreign Secretary Reads the News

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden have been on holiday on the Riviera, staying at Grasse, the little town behind Cannes which is full of scent factories and surrounded by flower fields. While they read their Continental "Daily Mails," Mr. Chamberlain has come back from his holiday and taken charge of the Foreign Office

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S address to Congress was a good deal milder on the subject of foreign affairs than his celebrated Chicago speech a few months ago. It is true that he repeated his dislike of dictatorships, but in less aggressive language. In fact, he cannot be said to have made any new advance along the lines which he so boldly laid down at Chicago, and even the most cautious isolationists in America could find very little fault with him. Berlin contented itself with the comment that the President had been "rather arrogant." Rome, on the other hand, suppressed all mention of the message.

ON the home front, the President returned to the hard nub of his whole position. He wants to set up a system of controlled capitalism against the two brands of violent agitation which oppose him. One brand wishes to destroy all controls on capitalism, and the other brand wishes to destroy all capitalism. "The Sixty Families"—which is a picturesque way of describing the very small but colossally powerful group of people who own so much of America's wealth—must be curbed, or else they will bring down the whole economic system into chaos by their own short-sighted selfishness. That is the President's line. So far, the Sixty Families have been successful in their propaganda to persuade America that the slightest criticism of themselves is practically the equivalent of Bolshevism.

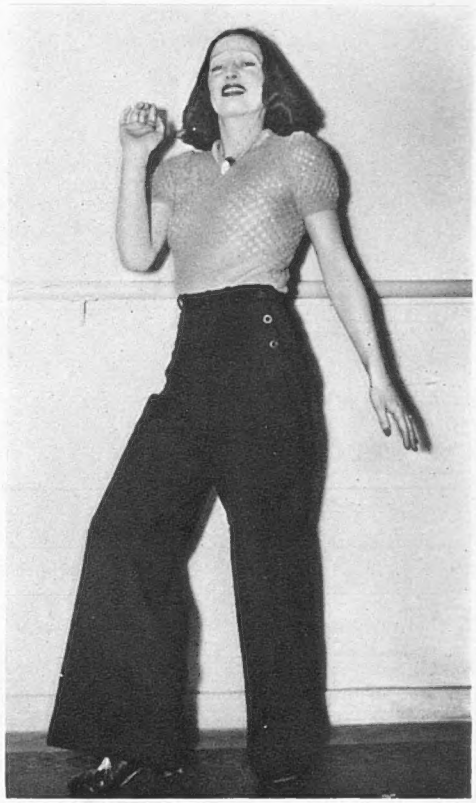
THE President, however, has just scored a notable victory over the great Power and Utility companies in the Supreme Court. By a unanimous decision the Court has decided that the New Deal's policy of lending, and even giving, money to municipalities for their public power-stations in competition with the private companies, is constitutional. This decision knocks the private companies in twenty-three States, and opens the way for the immediate finishing of sixty-one public power-stations which had been held up.

THE Rumanian situation is clearing up a little, and the new Government is definitely leaning towards the Berlin-Rome axis. It has recognised the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, and is relying on Rome to square the Hungarians on the matter of Treaty Revision. The Hungarians are still, and naturally, resentful at the annexation of Transylvania by Rumania in 1919, and it will take more than a little diplomacy to persuade them not to be quite so sulky about it in future.

GENERAL FRANCO'S reply at Teruel has been swift and effective. The various morals to be drawn from this terrible battle in the snow would seem to be (1) that Franco's organisation behind his lines must be pretty good, or else he would never have been able to fetch his counter-attacking troops up so quickly; (2) that his tactical staff-work must be excellent in getting the counter-attack under way when the troops had arrived; (3) that the new Government army, in spite of its great improvement during the last six months, and in spite of its heroism, is not fit to carry out an offensive on a large scale.

THE Government has taken a new line on the future of Palestine. Last year it warmly welcomed the proposal of the Royal Commission to divide the Holy Land into three—an Arab part, a Jewish part, and a British mandated part which would include the Holy Places of Christianity. Now the Government is not quite so sure, and it is appointing a "technical" body to visit Palestine and make another report on the practical details of the Royal Commission's report. "If as a result of the investigations of this technical commission," says the Government's White Paper, "a scheme of Partition is regarded as equitable and desirable," then the whole thing will be put up to the Mandate's Commission at Geneva. This is a very different attitude from the warm welcome of last year.

THE broadcasting war in Arabic between Daventry and Bari is, I am sure, a serious matter internationally, but it certainly has its comical side. When the Governments of two of the Great Powers start putting crooners on the air to distract the simple sons of the oasis and the palm-grove from each other's news-bulletins, it becomes the duty of all right-thinking men and women to get together for a good laugh.



Model into Dancer

Dorette Woodward, Gerald Brockhurst's famous model, whose face has been in the Academy these past six years and hangs in several famous collections, is now learning dancing in preparation for a stage and cabaret career

In a Sunday newspaper, it is announced that the B.B.C. has at last persuaded the French Government to stop Sunday broadcasts in English from Radio Normandie and Radio Toulouse. If this is true, the B.B.C. will have struck a doughty blow in the cause of orderly and regimented dullness. It will only remain to suppress Radio Luxemburg and our Sunday afternoons will be once again at the mercy of the tedium of Portland Place. What a world of lunacy it is when a little harmless gaiety is taken out of our lives on the instructions of subordinate officials of the Post Office.

Chile is nominating Mr. Cordell Hull for the Nobel Peace Prize. The American Secretary of State has done a great deal of quiet, unobtrusive work during his term of office in the way of maintaining friendly relations with the world, but it is difficult to think of any outstanding contribution that he has made to the cause of world-peace. Surely Dr. Gilbert Murray has done a great deal more for peace during the last twenty years than any other man in Europe, except Lord Cecil and President Benes of Czechoslovakia, but nobody ever seems to think of nominating him.

Lady Astor says that there is no truth in the persistent rumour that she intends to leave her Plymouth constituency and stand next time for High Wycombe. Her majority at Plymouth at the last election was over six thousand and she has a very strong sentimental hold on her constituents, so there never seemed to be any real point in the rumour. It was remarkably persistent, all the same.

There are few weirder phenomena in our social life than the Business Man. It is a subject on which I could write for a long time, but at the moment I am only concerned with one aspect of him, and that is his pathetic desire to be considered *tough*. There is no sentiment in his life. No, sir. He is a hard-boiled citizen, an all-steel baby. Messrs. Pilkington Bros., the great Lancashire glass-makers, are inaugurating next month a really first-class scheme for helping their workers. Every man in their employment who has three children is to get a bonus of five shillings a week, with another five shillings for each child beyond the three. Now this scheme stands out a mile as a splendid bit of humanitarianism. But Pilkington Bros. are tough babies. Yes, sir. "This is a hard business experiment," cries one of the directors, chewing a couple of four-inch bolts. "We shall get a contented workpeople," says another, snapping an iron bar across his knee and tossing it absently out of the window, "and that means a larger and better output." Thus Pilkington Bros. preserve their reputation as men who get up pretty early in the morning.

A fortnight ago I commented upon a recent fracas in the Hyde Park Hotel, and complained bitterly that it was ridiculous for real life to go back to the Oppenheim novels of thirty years ago. Now it has happened again. For a beautiful Polish countess to be arrested on a charge of espionage, as Countess Wielopolska has been in Germany, is, not to make any bones about it, idiotically out of date. Beautiful Polish countesses were all jolly fine in about 1908, and it was regarded as perfectly legitimate for them in those dear Edwardian days to slink through the corridors of the Ritz with their corsages full of secret treaties. But not in 1938. Oh, no. Come, come.

Mr. Somerset Maugham has stirred up the literary boys and girls by saying in his new book that "King James's Bible has been a very harmful influence on English prose," and the booksy brigade are springing down into the arena from all parts of the auditorium, some agreeing with him and some indignantly disagreeing. So far the interveners, with the exception of Mr. Robert Lynd, have had one thing in common, and that is their inability to write English themselves.

Dame Ethel Smyth has published a study of that extraordinarily versatile and brilliant man of letters, Mr. Maurice Baring, and in it she mentions his lifelong addiction to the remarkable habit of jumping into rivers or seas or pools with all his clothes on. He has been known to walk into the sea in full evening dress. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world, which, when you come to think, is an absurdly inaccurate proverb.

Believe me or believe me not, I saw a really funny British film the other day. My fairly-respected colleague, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, will at once reply that that is the only laugh he has ever got out of a funny British film, but then he is such a fussy old gentleman. *Paradise for Two*, with Mr. Jack Hulbert, is full of good things, and Mr. Arthur Macrae's dialogue is often brilliant.

Dancer into Housebreaker

Some of the Vic-Wells dancers and pupils went out to help start the demolition of houses near Sadler's Wells Theatre to make room for the extension of the theatre which is to be known as the Lilian Baylis Memorial. Over half the Vic-Wells Completion Fund of £40,000 has yet to be subscribed

Emir into Broadcaster

The Emir Seif-ul-Islam Husain (second from left), son of the King of the Yemen, and members of his suite were photographed as they arrived at Broadcasting House for the inauguration of the daily broadcasting service in Arabic to countries of the Near East. The Emir made the first speech welcoming the service, and was followed by the Chargé d'Affaires of the Egyptian Embassy reading a message from the Egyptian Ambassador, by the Minister for Saudi Arabia, and by the Minister for Iraq

Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS

Lenare

Mr. John Nevill and Miss Harrison

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester sent a wedding present to John Nevill and Patricia Harrison. He is the son of Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach-Nevill, and is in the Life Guards ; she is the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison. The wedding was at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mr. E. F. Gosling and Miss St. Maur

Edward Frederic Gosling, the Royal Dragoons, second son of Major and Lady Victoria Gosling, and Lucia St. Maur, of Wilcot Manor, Marlborough, youngest daughter of the late Lord and Lady Percy St. Maur, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Captain George

The wedding took place at Brechin of Mrs. F. M. Johnson, of the Earl of Dalhousie's elder sister. of Lord Dalhousie's three Scottish Ian Rankin, Miss Margaret Stir- Miss Christian Ogilvy, Master

AT HOME IN LONDON

Viscountess Elmley

This snapshot of Lady Elmley was taken in her house in Connaught Place. She is the Danish wife of Earl Beauchamp's elder son, and married him in 1936

ABROAD IN MONTE CARLO

Lord and Lady Drogheda

The Droghedas were just going for a walk in the Monte Carlo morning sunshine. There was snow last week on the Riviera, but out there it is as short-lived as it is unusual

Two Harmsworth Sisters

Miss Lorna and Miss Esmée Harmsworth, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's daughters, had been having tennis lessons at the Country Club. Lorna, the elder, was seventeen last autumn and will be a debutante of this year

Johnson, Scots Guards, and Lady Ida Ramsay

Cathedral, Forfarshire, of Captain George Frederick Johnson, son Castlesteads, Brampton, Cumberland, and Lady Ida Mary Ramsay, This photograph, taken after the wedding at Brechin Castle, one residences, shows Lady Jean Ogilvy, Miss Diana Maxwell, Master ling, the bridegroom and bride, and Viscount Dalrymple (best man), Jeremy Philipps, Lady Jean Ramsay, Miss Mary Johnson

Earl Annesley and Mr. and Mrs. Repton

On their way into the Hotel de Paris for lunch were Lord Annesley and Mr. and Mrs. George Repton. Lord Annesley is the eighth holder of his Irish earldom, and succeeded in 1934

TWO CHRISTENINGS

The Christening of Lady Rosemary Denison

The late Earl of Londesborough and the Countess of Londesborough's daughter was christened at St. Michael's, Chester Square, where her father was christened in 1894, and she was given the names Zinnia Rosemary. Lord Westmorland, who is with Lady Londesborough in this picture, was one of the godparents

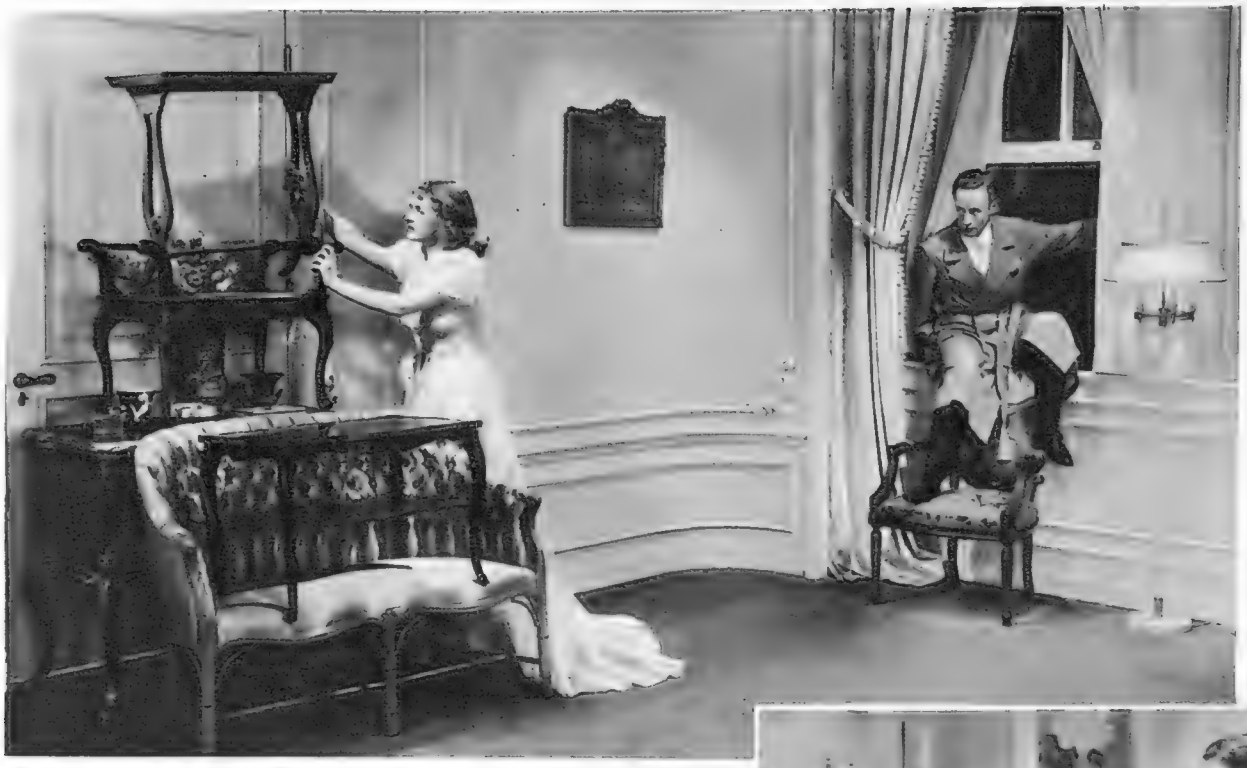
The Christening of Michael O' Brien

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien's heir was christened Michael at Brompton Oratory, with the Hon. Patrick Bellew, Mr. R. J. Herbert Shaw, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. T. H. O'Brien and the Hon. Mrs. George Bellew as godparents. Mr. O'Brien is holding Michael's sister, Sheelah

DANCING IN DAY DRESS

Right: Miss Mary Chichester and the Hon. Anthony Brougham, Lord Brougham and Vaux's brother, were dancing together at the Paradise Club

Miss Mary Chichester and Mr. Brougham



Left: Bette Davis, after an on-stage quarrel in "Romeo and Juliet," barricades the communicating door to Howard's room. But Romeo has got in by the balcony window

Below: dreaming of her Romeo, Olivia de Haviland regrets the exchange of Howard for her big-handed, big-hearted fiancé, Patric Knowles

"It's Love I'm After"

Leslie Howard Scores Again as Comedian

It was interesting to see our satin hero from *Romeo and Juliet*, our case for Freud from *The Petrified Forest* turn to satirical comedy in *Stand-In*. Leslie Howard has now gone the whole hog, and it is sheer joyous farce, his latest picture, *It's Love I'm After* (Gaumont). He plays a young actor whose Romeo (pointedly enough) makes an heiress love him to distraction. How he cures this passion in her and pairs with his Juliet is the skeleton of the plot: it's flesh is very good comedy, with Howard on top of form. Olivia de Haviland is the heiress, Bette Davis the Juliet; Archie Mayo directed

Olivia de Haviland leaves no doubt on Howard's face as to what she's after. In an attempt to prove himself a cad, he visits her, threatening "a fate worse than death." "Oh, Basil, how wonderful!" she cries

This off-stage scene between Leslie Howard and Bette Davis compares very favourably with their Romeo and Juliet at the local theatre, when he bites her ear as she leans over to kiss him

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Old Vic)

HERE is a thing, and a very pretty thing, and whether the owner of this very pretty thing is Shakespeare or Mendelssohn or Mr. Oliver Messel or Kirby's Flying Ballet, let us not worry to inquire. This much, however, may be told at a glance—that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Old Vic has gone appropriately Old Victorian. You can almost see our young Queen leaning forward in one of the boxes. And it is nice to be able to approve the transports of underlining into which she would surely have been plunged when writing up her darling diary on her return home.

MR. TYRONE GUTHRIE has clearly enjoyed himself. A tendency to produce Shakespeare's comedies "just like ballets" has here developed into a full and life-size *corps de Sylphides*. These so fill the forest that it is only a small exaggeration to say you can't see the wood for the wings. When they invade the Palace of Theseus, they prove such an imposing crowd that what should seem spacious seems more than a little cramped. But that the wood is as pretty as a transformation scene, the palace as superb as pre-Victorian Inigo Jones, Mr. Messel is permitted to reveal during less congested intervals. For beauty, for humour, for the magic that is the life-stream of theatrical art, here (though it 's produced all wrong !) is *the* Christmas pantomime.

CERTAINLY, no comedian now dame-ing it at the Adelphi or the Lyceum or the Prince's succeeds in being half as funny as is Mr. Ralph Richardson in the part of Bottom. But Mr. Riscoe, Mr. Rose and Mr. Lupino may well answer, "Look at his material!" That this Bottom should drop his aitches seemed so much more Early Victorian than late Elizabethan that I found myself waiting in some alarm to hear whether he would "beseech your *vorship's* name" or announce that he had had "a most rare *wision*." It was, too, a little startling to see Theseus and Hippolyta joining hands with the mechanics in their rowdy bergomask—would our young Queen quite have approved of *that*?

Bottom (Ralph Richardson) and Titania (Vivien Leigh)

Oberon (Robert Helpmann)

BUT the rustic rehearsals are excellently fooled, and with Miss Agnes Lauchlan—the best Helena I have seen—to liven the lovers with her plaintive wit, no one could be unhappy for long—not even those who realised that, the mistakings in the forest at an end, Helena was getting back at Lysander by stealing some of his lines. Just before this, another interesting novelty had been introduced, Hippolyta in the morning dew serving the awakened lovers with brew from a bowl with a ladle. No doubt they were glad of it, but I don't think Shakespeare's verse was.

MISS VIVIEN LEIGH looks delicious and behaves every inch like a nice young Victorian miss playing the part of Titania. Mr. Robert Helpmann, making his first appearance in legitimate as Oberon, speaks his verse better than almost anyone else in the company—a majestic, ominous and most romantic figure. To see the part of Puck acted by a little boy is usually more satisfactory than to see it acted by a little girl, but not, I submit, in a Victorian production. Miss Chattie Salaman would have been a more suitable choice than

Lysander (Stephen Murray) and Demetrius (Anthony Quayle)

Master Gordon Miller. But then Miss Salaman would not have been able to appear as the First Fairy, which she did so entrancingly that one day she must certainly be promoted to Titania.

ALTOGETHER, a diverting evening. But it remains to be demonstrated how they did *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in periwigs, or how (if it had been written then) they would have done it in the Stone Age.

Sketches by Rouson

Helena (Agnes Lauchlan) and Hermia (Alexis France)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"He stole my wife. Not that I hold that against him"

LONDONERS who use water for one thing and another had a slight shock the other day when the Metropolitan Water Board shyly announced the presence in their filters at Kempton Park and Lee Bridge of two species of tiny freshwater shrimp, *Niphargus aquilex* and *Eucrangonyx gracilis*. "An embarrassing find," the Board calls it. On the other hand, it may bring a little colour into the grey lives of water-drinkers and add a fresh excitement to the morning tubs of retired Anglo-Indians, who will then know the jolly little fellows are real. *Eucrangonyx gracilis*, from Lee Bridge, has "well-developed black eyes," in addition, so a lot of winking and byplay can go on while the loofah is being soaped. And any shrimp from Kempton Park is almost bound to be a little sportsman also. Mermaids would be more interesting, perhaps, but the M.W.B. can't supply everything at the present water-rate.

The Board's revelation needn't upset a philosophic mind, in any case. Everything we eat and drink is full of squiggly organisms, as the microscope shows. Those large decorative eggs you sometimes see at hotels on New Year's Eve have show-girls inside—a curious way of welcoming a new year, but no affair of ours, after all. Shrimps get into the water-supply, managing directors fall into vats of stout, moon-eyed Algerian beauties with gold earrings fall into some of that claret you buy as certified Bordeaux—it 's just Life going on and on, as we see it, with imperturbable rhythm, diastole and systole, cloud and sunshine, joy and heartbreak. You don't imagine all those little twisty fellows you see in water under a microscope are happy, do you ? They have their setbacks, like us. Well, they won't be lonely now the shrimps are there.

Prospect Unsettled

LEAST pleasing New Year offering to date is a pronouncement by Dr. Ernest Hooton, Professor of Anthropology at Harvard, who says that Man is inevitably returning to the monkey stage (it 's never been proved, incidentally, that he ever started from it, if we may say so without appearing rude), owing to the increasing domination of the Machine and the vast increase of illiteracy due to wireless and the cinema. This is one of those statements which are not so disturbing, when examined closely, as they look, because it isn't everybody, after all, whose mental processes are governed by these things. So that if 90 per cent. of mankind is ultimately reduced to gibbering and ape-like noises and gestures the intelligent 10 per cent. will be in pretty good shape, we should say. It 's a Swift-like picture—masses of Yahoos and a small intellectual élite—but still we foresee a lot of troubles ahead for the ruling class. Just as everything is going smoothly Ole Debbil Love will pop up, younger sons of the élite will fall for lovely Yahoos, and a dominating middle-class will be swiftly evolved which will pick up Beethoven scores and John etchings with its toes, and read Virginia Woolf's novels hanging upside-down from trees, saying " Ug, ug."

You may say this won't be very different from Bloomsbury nowadays, and you 're right, bygad. It 's a hellish prospect, and if we weren't practically certain the Doc is talking through his mortarboard, we 'd be pretty cut up about it.

The Works

EVER since that 10 o'clock B.B.C. news-bulletin some nights ago was interrupted by sounds of a mysterious argument and scuffle, a shout of " Oi ! " sounds of slamming door, and a clatter of feet, and then a three-minute silence—ever since then, we 've been trying to find out what the trouble was. Such efforts are about as easy as trying to find out who shouted " Oh, my foot ! " in the Kremlin on Stalin's birthday, the two massive fortresses being about equally closely guarded, and the Cheka being equally active and ruthless in both. However, by disguising ourselves in general's uniform and laying patient siege to the heart of one of the Class III. charwomen on Deck H—we had to buy lashings of stout and offer her our hand in marriage before she 'd talk—we discovered that it was only a couple of announcers beating-up a Talks don.

Our informant didn't know what sort of a don it was. Apparently just one of those fishfaced Bloomsbury ones who talk every evening about Pwogwess and Democwacy and Fweedom and the Iwwefwagable Wight to Expwess. The old-fashioned B.B.C. custom is that when you meet them nosing about the corridors you give them a

"Curling irons ?"

running kick and think no more about it. This particular one had got on people's nerves a bit, it seems, so they had to give him No. 5, or what the Navy used to call a rump-and-dozen, and shove him in the glory-hole under the mezzanine deck. Although discipline is pretty iron at Broadcasting House, and the cells twenty feet under Portland Place are always full of defaulters, the High-Ups, military and naval alike, turn a blind eye on such rough-and-tumble incidents, which, after all, are wholesome enough. You can't cure a cancer with rose-water, as the B.B.C. admirals and generals often say.

Enigma

SEVENTEEN thousand two hundred and eighty-six books were published in Great Britain last year, according to the *Publishers' Record*, making the highest annual total so far. Congratulating a well-known publisher friend on the way the booksy racket is humming, we were astonished and grieved to hear that he only barely makes ends meet. We asked him gently, after a judicious pause, which of the boys *were* cashing in, and he shook his head mournfully and said none of them. It 's a struggle for life, apparently, in the booksy whirl. Not a single one of the forty or fifty leading London publishers makes money. Their children starve and their wives and/or mistresses go in rags. We thought this remarkable. Then a thought struck us, and we said : " But what about —— ? ", naming a well-known publisher who sweeps grandly about town in a glittering Rolls. Our friend said that was just keeping up appearances, and the chap probably doesn't get a square meal a day.

Knowing that hardly any of the money made by selling 17,286 books goes to the authors, we asked point-blank where it went. From the flood of mingled figures, appeals, cries and wailings released by this question, we gathered that the cost of book-production to-day is so high that every book sold loses the booksy boys five shillings each all round. That is to say, every time you buy a book you 're battening on the weak warm-heartedness of an entire industry, ruining honest publishers' homes, and confronting their daughters with a fate worse than death. They can't even afford to square the critics and pay for those cocktail-parties—it all has to come out of the author's royalties. So what ? Nay, and whither ?

Pans

THE composer Ivor Gurney, who has died at the age of forty-seven, practically unknown, not only wrote songs like Schubert's, but resembled Schubert not a little in the ascetic delicacy of his features, a thing which happens rarely among the Muses' children. Musicians are generally better lookers than poets, however. Barring Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Rupert Brooke (who looked like Apollo himself—but what would he have looked like now ?), and a couple more, the boys have always had excessively homely pans. We can't hardly think of one alive at the moment who was in Row A when dials were served out, though to read some of their verse you 'd think they 'd been lightning and death to women ever since they left off bibs ; and the better the poet, the more old-fashioned the clock. (E.g., Verlaine, Wordsworth, Baudelaire, Pope). No doubt this is how Providence protects women against them. Musicians, on the other hand, being less obsessed with women than poets are—most musicians we know are far too worried about performing rights and B.B.C. avarice to think of anything else—can be as handsome as they please, and generally are. As is well known. (E.g., Schubert, Elgar, Rameau, Verdi, Brahms).

Before writing this note, we asked a few living poets we know if they 'd mind our citing their names and features in the cause of Truth and Art ; but they refused us permission, with oaths. Hence this fascinating study is not so full as we could have wished.

Amende Anglais

STORY, showing the difference between Old World manners and New, told us by an admiring American friend :

Late one night a couple of tough-looking guys rang the bell at the flat of a gentleman living near Leicester Square, and engaged professionally in some night-club racket or other. " Mr. Grutch ? " they asked. " Yes," said Mr. Grutch. They then forced their way in, took hold of Mr. Grutch, beat him silly, wiped the floor with him, and took their leave, leaving Mr. Grutch stark and insensible.

One night a week later, Mr. Grutch's doorbell rang again. Mr. Grutch, a mass of bandages, opened the door an inch or two cautiously. It was the same two toughs. " Mr. Grutch ? " they asked. " Yes," said Mr. Grutch, stealthily fingering a bit of lead-piping. " Mr. *Sam* Grutch ? " they asked. " *Izzy*," said Mr. Grutch, breathing hard. The leader of the party stepped forward and took his hand. " We 're so *awfully* sorry," he said simply.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" He dared me "

Over the Snow the Film-Stars Go—Frances Day and Aino Bergo

Frances Day went to St. Moritz to convalesce after the illness which made her cancel her appearance in "Choose Your Time," at the Piccadilly. That snow bath-chair she's taking herself for a ride on is a monobob

Aino Bergo is the Swedish film-actress who has been making a film at Teddington. It was finished in time for her to go ski-ing, and she chose St. Moritz as background for her Scandinavian decorativeness

Films of the Day

Critic's Quandary

By George Campbell

THE more I see of the film industry, the more I wonder whether anybody knows anything about it. Especially experts. Take the little matter of naming a new film. I can remember when experts all agreed on First Principles. The title, they said, should be (*a*) understood by everyone; (*b*) easily pronounced; (*c*) have something about a woman; (*d*) suggest love or (better still) passion. If a verb could be dragged in, as indicating action, so much the better. So carefully had the rationale of titling been worked out that there were all sorts of niceties. If a colour was mentioned, it had to be a warm and exciting colour, like red, or crimson, or scarlet. Blue, green, yellow and brown were definitely out.

Judged by these standards, the title of the last Joan Crawford picture, *The Bride Wore Red*, is a brief masterpiece. It only remains to add that few of Miss Crawford's pictures have made less stir, and that most of the great successes in film history had titles that few fans really understood and fewer still could correctly pronounce—*Quo Vadis?*, *Les Miserables* ("Which is Les, maw?"), *Ben Hur*, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (supposed by many at the time, believe it or not, to be a Western), *The Covered Wagon*, *Beau Geste*, and *Cavalcade*.

ALL of which is in keeping with the mystery of the box-office standing of the stars, as just revealed by an investigation amongst exhibitors. After all the insistence on sex appeal, all the fortunes (Mr. Goldwyn says it costs a million dollars, and Sam should know) spent on grooming Glamour Girls, all the searches by producers and newspapers for perfect beauty, the melancholy fact remains that the Miss Englands and Miss Belgiums and Miss South Dakotas generally stick with the extras, or at best graduate (nothing personal) to the "bit" class. Adolph Zukor is not renewing Paramount's contract with the most famous beauty of them all, Miss Dietrich, on the ground that he can't afford the luxury. Mae West, la reine de Sex-Appeal, as the French delicately classify her, is slipping fast; Anna Sten, Tala Birrel, and the other exotic beauties are not in the first hundred.

What, then, *do* the fans want? You have only to look at the names and draw your own conclusions. The biggest draw in the English-speaking world—the Continent is not so crazy about her—is Shirley Temple. Britain's next most popular face (female) is Gracie Fields's; and full of talent and virtues though Miss Fields is, beauty and sex-appeal are not the first of them.

THE same holds good for men. For years the most popular star in America was Will Rogers, the ugliest of the lot. Even now there is a huge following for Joe E. Brown, whose claim to have the most cavernous mouth in America is jealously disputed by another favourite, Martha Raye. George Formby, another homely lad, is fifth at the British box-office—well above such handsome fellows as Robert Taylor, Ronald Colman and Errol Flynn. And of course, while she was alive, and he had good stories, almost the biggest draws of all were Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler—Marie, of whom one speaker, at the dinner given in her honour in London, said nervously that he had just solved the problem of finding a suitable story for her, Feuchtwanger's *The Ugly Duchess*.

THE statisticians have gathered the evidence; there, in black and white, are the players whom you, the public, want to see. So what? I know I should be able to evolve some large generalisation covering all the favourites, male and female, plain and coloured, ugly and clever, beautiful and dumb.

It is tempting (since even a critic likes to think the best of his fellow men at this season) to suggest that possibly acting has something to do with it. But I doubt whether Shirley is a better actress than Aline MacMahon, who isn't in the first hundred; and I'm quite sure Miss Fields isn't. Nor do I think their best friends would tell Clark Gable and Robert Taylor that they are more gifted actors than Charles Boyer or W. C. Fields or Mischa Auer, or, for that matter, George Zucco and Allan Jeayes, who seldom get more than ten lines.

It's no good saying it's personality. That means too much and too little. What, then, *is* the secret? I give up. Suppose *you* tell *me*.

WHILE you're about it, there's no harm (since all the professional critics have been doing it) in amusing yourself by drawing-up a list of the Ten Best Pictures of 1937.

Here's mine:

PÉPÉ LE MOKO	SPANISH EARTH
CARNET DE BAL	THE PLAINSMAN
THE GOOD EARTH	A DAY AT THE RACES
WINTERSET	A STAR IS BORN
100 MEN AND A GIRL	LOVE FROM A STRANGER

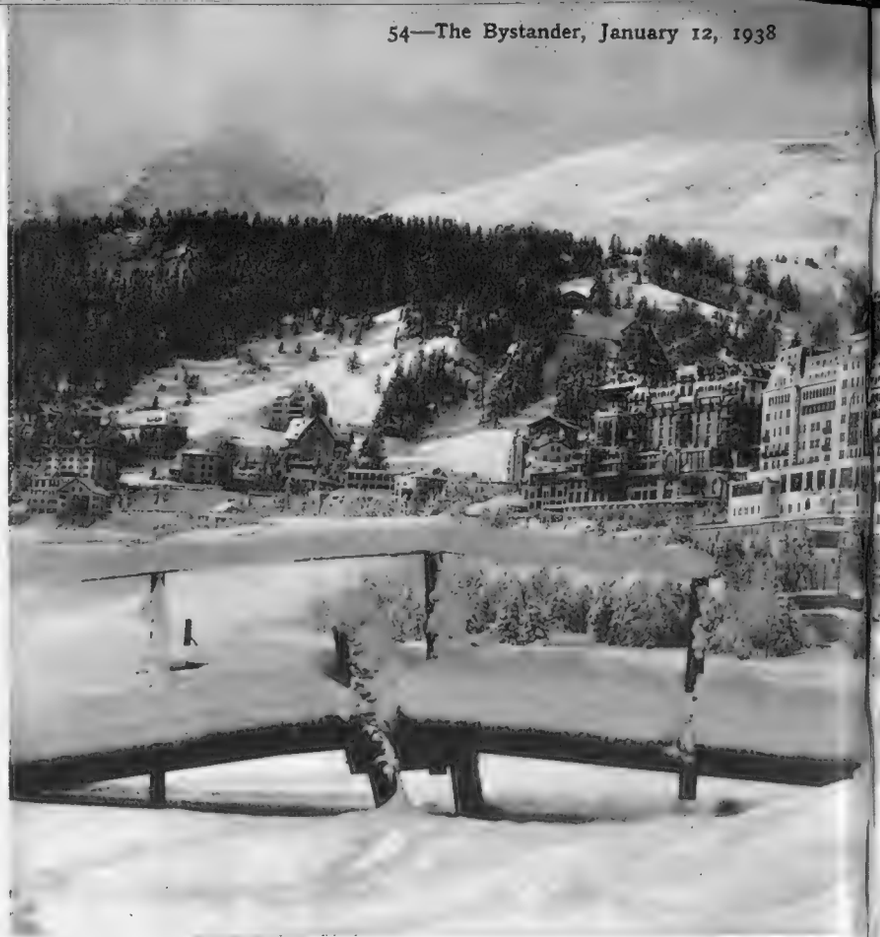
That seems to me a pretty representative lot, varied in style, mood and nationality; and if you burn to tell me I'm obviously blind and deaf and half-witted, go right ahead and see if I care.

St. Moritz by Night

The camera study on the right is part of Norman Parkinson's series of Swiss photographs, more of which appear on the next two pages

The Leaning Tower

One of the landmarks of the village is the Leaning Tower, all that remains of a very old church whose foundation dates from before 1139



St. Moritz As It Looks Across

Behind those two vast hotels rise the famous ski slopes of Piz Nair, Piz Julier and Piz Albana, all around ten and right is the Corviglia hut, named after the jackdaws, to St. Moritz itself is the highest village in the Engadine

• SNOW HOLIDAY

No. 2. St. Moritz

The Chesa Veglia

Right: the Chesa Veglia ("old house" in Romansch) was a farmhouse, built in 1658, until it was turned into a place for winter-sportsmen to drink, dine and dance. Cowsheds and hayloft have been transformed by panelling and decorations from other old houses, and furniture from the unique collection of Hans Badrutt, who is an authority on Engadine architecture. The waitresses wear peasants' costumes of old St. Moritz: deep emerald velvet bodices, skirts the colour of brown paper, and gay candy-striped aprons

Two Chesa Veglia Waitresses

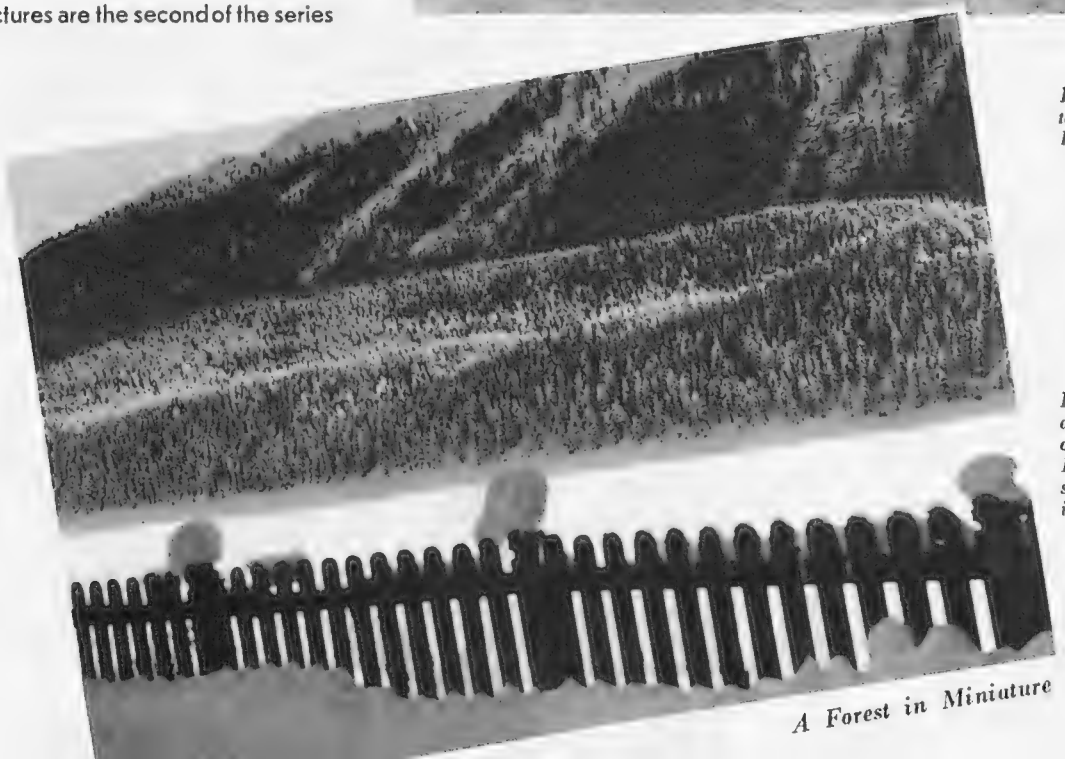
the Lake

St. Moritz, up to the northern peaks, eleven thousand feet. Up there on the which runs the railway from Chantarella. just over six thousand feet up

Norman Parkinson made a fourteen-day tour of Switzerland for the "Bystander," taking photographs of seven winter sports centres as he passed by. These pictures are the second of the series

A Corner of the Town

In the background, behind a tower of the Palace Hotel, is Piz Languard, 10,500 feet high



Left: those fir-trees look like toys across the St. Moritz-See, loveliest of the four Engadine lakes. By February, when the horse-racing season begins, the lake is transformed into "the white turf of St. Moritz"

A Forest in Miniature

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

The Old Vic's Magical and Lovely Production

The great success of the Christmas season of mixed magic and romance and clowning has undoubtedly been Mr. Shakespeare's fairy tale at the Old Vic. Here is enchantment so complete that grown-ups can be bound as wholly by its spell as children are bewitched by a pantomime's ingenuous fantasy. The production of Tyrone Guthrie, the setting and dresses of Oliver Messel, the choregraphy of Ninette de Valois are each parts of the whole spell; the actors are headed by Vivien Leigh as Titania, Robert Helpmann as Oberon, Ralph Richardson a superb Bottom. Robert Helpmann here makes his brilliantly successful debut as an actor; dramatically this was no surprise to anyone who has seen him as a dancer at Sadler's Wells, but he has also been acclaimed as an exceptionally fine speaker of Shakespearean verse

Below: Titania (Vivien Leigh) to Bottom (Ralph Richardson):

"Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy"

Pyramus (Ralph Richardson):

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. *(Stabs*
Now am I dead, now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose thy light! Moon, take th
Now die, die, die, die, die."

Bottom: "Let me play the lion too. I will r
man's heart good to hear me"

Starveling (Jonathan Field), Snug (Frederick
ander Knox), Quince (Frank Tickle), Flute (

nself)

flight!

that I will do any

nnett), Snout (Alex-
nk. Napier)

Oberon (Robert Helpmann): "Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania."
Titania (Vivien Leigh): "What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company."

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

Outside the Sawdust Ring at Olympia

Artistes of Bertram Mills' Circus In Their "Tents"

Harry and Merkey, on right, are crazy contortionists: it is Merkey whose fluidity of joint makes a lot of people feel queer. He reads a paper like this in the ring, hanging from a bar

Photographs by Anthony

Home Comfort

Tom Tagg, Captain Mills' master of horse, is putting the finishing touches to a strikingly marked grey and white mare who takes every audience's fancy. Tagg rode the National winner in 1886

Miss Priscilla Kayes, Britain's only lady lion-tamer, is making a final adjustment to her uniform in what looks like a property-room: we can see some Indian clubs and trick bicycles, amongst other things

Ellins and Ketts cats make one of the most attractive acts in the show, climbing around from basket to trapeze with enthusiasm and agility. Mesdames Ellins and Ketts share their dressing-room with the cats. The box in the background is the latters' travelling quarters—marked in German "Animals. With Care"

Clowns of Various Colours Put on Various

The "world's loveliest trapeze girls" have their own practice equipment hoisted near their dressing-tent, where they exercise daily. Left is Miss Ellinor, right, Miss Dania

One of the most novel acts in the 1938 circus is that of Mme. Koringa. With a dazzling smile and a cloud of lovely hair, she claims to have been born in a holy part of India and learnt Yogi from a native practician. In a trance she walks on swords, rolls in broken glass, is buried alive. She also plays around with snakes and alligators. Some of the latter can be seen above; Madame herself is below, with one of her maidens

Other Colours

Madame Koringa (in Leopard Skin) Features on Mills' Advertisements

Anthony

Edwin Evans — Music and Ballet Critic

Popularly, Edwin Evans is known for his notices in the *Daily Mail*, as an annotator of many concert programmes, as a notable and picturesque figure at concerts and in the theatre. On the other side of the curtain, as it were, he has the influence of a man of vast knowledge of the world in general and his own subject in particular, wide and unceasing activity, tremendous personality, humanity, wit. He is chairman of the London Contemporary Music Centre; has represented this country at most of the festivals of the International Society for Contemporary Music; founded and is editor of the *Music Lover*, has published a number of books on music, gives lectures, and is also critic of the *Liverpool Post* and *Time and Tide*. As regards ballet also Edwin Evans is anything but an "armchair critic." Here his activities have included being musical adviser to Diaghileff and the only English member of Diaghileff's "Cabinet" for some time; helping to found the Camargo Society in 1930; for them devising and arranging the Mendelssohn music for the ballet, *The Lord of Burleigh*, which has just been revived by the Vic-Wells Company

"Bystander" Short Story No. 121

The Matchless Pearl

By H. Pearl Adam

Illustration by Gwyneth Bell

I've knocked about the world a good deal, and seen a good many odd things, and I've come to the conclusion that the man's a fool who breaks the law in order to make money. In passion you might do murder, in hunger you might steal a loaf, but in cold blood it's ridiculous to be a law-breaker, when the law of every civilised country is simply riddled with loop-holes that anybody with average intelligence can shoot through.

If you read the daily papers, especially when they are recounting tales of frauds and swindles, you can't help noticing that it is simplicity that always wins—simplicity of conception, I mean; the achievement is frequently full of difficulties. But the man who gets there every time, in any art, even the art of shooting through loop-holes, is the man who keeps all his thoughts clear and tidy, and is ready at any moment for them to produce some luminously simple notion for his benefit. I quite agree that Monteori ought to be in prison; but then, he hasn't committed any offence. That's what makes the fellow so maddening; but there's an iridescence in his roguery which makes him rather attractive, just the same.

Monteori is one of those people who cash Italian drafts in Chicago and Spanish ones in the Rue Daunou. I've lived in Paris for years, and I've never seen him in the Chatham bar, and I've never seen him in white spats, and I've never heard him use international slang, but somehow he makes you think of all these things—as though they were a rash that had struck inwards with him. He looks too Hebraic to be a romantic actor, and too much like a romantic actor to be a Jew. He's all right when dressed for an Embassy show; but he's one of those men whose brown shoes are always either yellow or red. Not above chamois gloves, either—you know the sort—a little too right when he meets your wife or your mother, and apt to go all to pieces at the other kind of party. And yet with a flow of good humour, and a habit of being occasionally so amusingly mad that he is quite well liked by men whose little fingers are worth all that Monteori was or ever will be.

One time he seemed disgustingly well off. He had a Rolls-Royce in Paris and another in London, with silver-gilt chauffeurs three feet longer than the car-bonnets; they wore white linen coats with shiny black facings, and I believe the one in London had pink quartz buttons, and the one in Paris turquoise matrix ones, so that Monteori could remember what language to give his orders in. About that time he started giving luncheons and dinners at wonderful places in side-streets, where the food was simply and entirely It. He asked me to dinner one night at the only place in Paris where real French cookery is still to be had—the kind of cookery where sauces are used only when sauces are wanted, and not added to every dish in order to lengthen the bill and persuade the ignorant that they are getting their money's worth. This place looks like a common or garden pub—the kind called a "zinc" here, because the bar is topped with metal. The proprietor won't have you if you don't know the difference between feeding and eating. You sit in a hideous room with grained wainscot, and he serves you in his shirt-sleeves, and watches to see if you are worthy of what he has set before you; and when you leave you have given him your all, and think it well worth while.

Monteori asked Vansittart and Dupuy and myself to dinner at Tartarascon's one Sunday. He said he was going to bring his Phyllis and we could bring ours: but only Dupuy brought his. Monteori's was a quite new one; we should all have been surprised if she had not been, and I am sure Monteori would have been more struck by the circumstance than anyone else. The two girls were pretty-ish, and stupid enough to send a man with raging toothache to sleep. They twittered their way through a sole that ought to have been eaten in a cathedral, with a choir of boys' voices chanting very softly high up in the clerestory. Monteori and Dupuy, after the first mouthful, bent themselves prayerfully over their plates, and Vansittart and I had to take on the Phyllises. Tartarascon looked in and scowled at the clatter, and I felt it was time Monteori shouldered his responsibilities. So I said the first fool-thing that came into my head—something about Monteori's tie-pin, and had a brace or two of millionaire uncles gone West and left it to him? The Phyllises swallowed the bait and twittered at him for a change, and I had a minute or two of silent communion with my sole.

Vansittart flung his blonde lock back, and murmured: "Oh, sole, alone, and whole it was—but O how it was bliss!"

Tartarascon came in and took it away before we had finished the sauce. Those idiot prattlers had annoyed him, and he kept us waiting forty minutes for the lamb. As you don't hurry Tartarascon when he has a grievance, for fear of not being allowed to come and pay him your quarter's rent for another meal, we ate bread and conversed, and Monteori told us about his tie-pin. That man has the best teeth in Europe, and his monocle fixes to his face a beguilingly idiotic grin of good nature. He's almost bald, though he's still in his thirties, but you can't imagine him with white hair. That night he wore a shepherd's plaid suit which suggested that the shepherd's dog spent its leisure time jumping through the checks.

He started yelling that he was a Ukelele Ute . . . I don't know what that is, but when the Phyllises began to tap with their feet I was so afraid that we might have to go and dance somewhere afterwards that I held the idiot down to talking about the tie-pin. Mind you, he was dressed in this huge black and white check, orange boots, pink socks, and a tie of small black and white check. You couldn't see any pin or any setting—only that awful nest of broken check, and in it, nestling, the Blue Egg. If you weren't at the Esperre Sale you may never have seen it, but you must have read the description of that pearl. It was supposed to be unique. Of course, it isn't blue: it's just not white or pink or grey—not very large, but distinctive because of its tinge. I don't see the point myself, because you don't notice its colour unless you see it against other pearls; but, of course, you could see it was a lovely thing, especially against the Monteori background.

He told us that he had had some luck in Colombian emeralds, and had bought the Blue Egg in London from Peter, the man who has conducted the jewel sales for every bankrupt family in *Debrett*. He paid eight thousand pounds for it, he said. Dupuy, who knows jewels through and through (he's the head of Dupuy and Vanboom, the biggest firm out of Amsterdam) said he had a bargain.

"Yes, I suppose it's unique," said Monteori.

"No," said Dupuy, "I've seen other pearls as blue, but perhaps not so well-shaped."

I believe it was at this moment that the

(Concluded on page 72)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

"Unconscious Autobiography": By Alan Thomas

THE name of Alan Parsons has a peculiar interest for me; for although I never met Mr. Parsons, I once spent a whole afternoon being mistaken for him. It was in a film studio which I happened to be visiting, and through a confusion of thought in the minds of the stars to whom I was introduced (these things happen sometimes) they couldn't get my name right. I kept on telling them what it was, and they kept on calling me Mr. Parsons, and so for about four hours on end I was treated with a flattering, but wholly unmerited, regard. I was always hoping that one day I might come across Mr. Parsons, so that I could deposit this load of honour where it rightly belonged. But the opportunity never came. In 1933 Mr. Parsons died, and was buried at Hampstead by the side of his famous father-in-law, Sir Herbert Tree. It was an untimely death: he was under forty-five. And now, four years later, we have his "unconscious autobiography"—*Alan Parsons' Book*, edited by his wife, Viola Tree (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*). To the public he was known as the author of *A Winter in Paradise*, a book he wrote about a holiday in the West Indies, and as a dramatic critic, writing first in the *Daily Sketch* and later in the *Daily Mail*. The greater part of his working life he spent in the Civil Service: his spare time he devoted to the compilation of a scrap-book containing passages of literature of which he was particularly fond, press cuttings, extracts from letters and the like. A selection of these cuttings now appear in this volume, linked together and illuminated by notes in which his wife gives some account of their life together and of their circle of friends—the Grenfells, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Charles Lister, Edward Horner, and all that golden company, most of whom perished in the war. The cuttings themselves are grave and gay, ranging from Pepys and Johnson to the kind of fantastic letters that find their way into government offices and comic misprints in newspapers. The general impression one gets of the compiler of this "Alanthology" (as Max Beerbohm calls it in his introductory letter) is of a scholar with a catholic taste in literature, a man of moods now gay and now despairing. The interest of the book is, however, greatly enhanced by Viola Tree's intimate, explanatory and often purely autobiographical notes.

A BOOK that the Temperance Johnnies might do worse than boost is Mr. J. L. Hardy's *The Stroke of Eight* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The trouble began with that extra pint—seductively known as "one for the road." Gerry Hickman, a Norfolk farmer, driving back from a British Legion sing-song, speeded one over the fifty-eight and killed his man. The dead man's companions, however, were no better than they should have been, and there was less to be said for going to the police than for a spot of gentle blackmail. The deceased had left behind him a woman and a child, and with a subtlety born of considerable practice the would-be blackmailer used these two as a lever. All might have been well, had not Gerry and the bereaved girl fallen in love with one another.

M. Roland Marcel

M. Marcel, the author of several literary and political works and twice laureate of the French Academy, holds the official post of State and General Commissioner for Tourism. Under his guidance French tourist propaganda, and hence tourism in France, have received a great impetus

Accidents, however, continue to happen: the girl herself is killed and the near-blackmailer himself commits a murder. His flight from justice, assisted by Gerry, makes a wonderfully exciting story. But what is really impressive about this novel is the way in which Mr. Hardy brings out the human qualities in his characters—the best as well as the worst. Even a bad hat has its silken lining. This is a book I can confidently recommend both as a thriller and as a study of human behaviour in excruciating circumstances.

IT is no reflection on Mr. Hardy's book to say that, after all the excitement, it was a relief to get into the calmer waters of Frank Vernon's *Journey on the Way* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is the pleasant tale of a man whose wife's faithlessness has caused him to turn his back upon the world—or, rather, upon that part of it which is commonly known as civilisation. The hero is a man of social standing, a bit of a scholar, something of a musician, not averse from staging a practical joke, and never at a loss for a ready retort. Taking to the road, he picks up odd jobs wherever he happens to find them, and as easily chucks them when he wants a change. In the course of his wanderings he encounters both friendship and romance and notes, among other things, that there are many more reliable folk in the new world which he has entered than in the old one which he has left. Now and then he comes across people whom he knew before—a policeman who had served under him at Passchendaele, a Harley Street doctor who has come down in the world and now takes panel patients and finally some cousins who represented for him pretty well all the qualities in the human make-up against which he revolted. If the book can be said to have a moral, it is that man, if he is not to be ousted by machines, must find a way to use them that will take him "back to nature." The moral, however, is not harped upon: nor, I think, would the author claim that he is making any serious contribution to the solving of our problems—save, perhaps, that we could all of us do with some of the spirit of the cheerful vagabond who is the hero of this pleasant and amusing book.

"STOP AND GO," by V. C. Buckley (Hutchinson; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is a book of travel impressions—nothing much below the surface, but ingenuous and easy going. He begins with descriptions of Ireland where, for part of the time he was the guest of John McCormack and where, among other places, he visited a Trappist monastery. Shortly after the abdication, a lecture tour takes him to America, where he chit-chats amiably on his experiences and is flattered by the interest which Americans take in our affairs at home. On his return he seeks rest and fresh copy in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and the Principality of Liechtenstein. After that we get descriptions of three English homes—Rufford Abbey, in Northamptonshire; Wickhamford Manor, in Worcestershire; and Boskenna, a country house situated between Penzance and Land's End—and the book closes with some impressions of London and of a Levée at Buckingham Palace. Mr. Buckley clearly enjoys mixing with his fellow men: he likes showing them the sights—he makes a point, for instance, of speaking to obviously foreign tourists, so that he can point out special items of interest. And so, if you like being shown the sights, here is a companionable volume. The fifty-two photographs taken by the author are particularly good.

Five Engagements

Miss Fortington and the Master of Kinnaird

Left: the Master of Kinnaird, elder son of Lord and Lady Kinnaird, was photographed with his fiancée at his parents' home, Rossie Priory, Perthshire. She is Nadia Fortington, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fortington, of Lime Ridge Duchess County, New York

Right: Viscount Fincastle is the heir of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore; the Hon. Pamela Kate Hermon-Hodge is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Wyfold. They announced their engagement just before the New Year and were photographed in London

Right: Charles Vereker and Yvonne Frances Barnett announced their engagement before Christmas. He is General Lord Gort and Corrinna Lady Gort's only son; she is the daughter of Major Geoffrey and Lady Aline Barnett, of Sopwell, St. Albans

Below, left: Viscount Devonport is engaged to Sheila Hope Murray, eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hope Murray, of Morishill, Beith. The wedding will take place quietly in London

Below: Michael Asquith, the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith's son, and Diana Battye, Lieut.-Col. Percy Battye and Mrs. Leonard Hackett's daughter, are to be married in February. This picture was taken at the Asquith home in Sussex Place

Lord Devonport and Miss Sheila Hope Murray

Lord Fincastle and Miss Hermon-Hodge

Miss Barnett and the Hon. Charles Vereker

Miss Diana Battye and Mr. Michael Asquith

Golf Clubs at Home

Sandwell Park, Staffordshire

This club was founded by a number of West Bromwich residents, who gave it the name of their town and opened a nine-hole course in 1895. Two years later a new course was laid out at Sandwell Park on the property of the Earl of Dartmouth, who became president of the club in 1904. In 1898 the work of extending the course to eighteen holes was undertaken, and in 1903 the new club-house was opened. The course is four miles from Birmingham. Excellent turf, sandy, undulating soil make it playable in all conditions

(1) R. A. Gifford (captain). (2) H. F. Bill (committee). (3) D. A. Baird. (4) F. J. Hurn (committee). (5) H. E. Cockroft. (6) J. T. White (committee). (7) A. Hancox (professional). (8) George Fessey (secretary) and J. P. Alderson (hon. treasurer). (9) P. W. Davis. (10) B. H. Kingham. (11) G. F. Bissell, S. E. Goode, F. S. Withers, G. S. Baird. (12) F. A. Smith

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Amateur Champion and the Walker Cup

It has been announced that the British Walker Cup team of 1938 will be selected before the Amateur Championship takes place. It has also been suggested by certain persons that the Amateur Champion should most certainly play, and that a place should be left open for him.

It should be remembered that a man who wins a golf tournament which is decided by matches over eighteen holes is not necessarily the best man to play in matches over thirty-six holes, but, nevertheless, it is extremely likely that he will be. There is, however, very great doubt whether a man who wins the Amateur Championship at Hoylake, Royal St. George's, or Troon is the best man to play in matches over thirty-six holes at St. Andrews.

The records of the Amateur Champion in Walker Cup matches are, therefore, not without interest, so I will tell what he has done in the past in these matches.

The last Amateur Champion to play in a Walker Cup match was Hector Thomson, who played at Pine Valley, U.S.A., in 1936, when he lost his single by 3 and 2, and his foursome by 7 and 6; our team was beaten by nine matches to none.

All the Walker Cup matches played in the U.S.A. have taken place after the Amateur Championship, but the matches played in Great Britain in 1930 and 1934 were played before the Amateur Championship had been held, consequently the Amateur Champions, when these matches were played, were those of 1929 and 1933.

The Hon. Michael Scott, who won the Amateur Championship at Hoylake in 1933, played in the Walker Cup match of 1934, at St. Andrews, and lost his single by 7 and 6, and his foursome by 3 and 2; and we were defeated by nine matches to two.

In 1932, when the match was played at Brooklyn, U.S.A., John de Forest was the Amateur Champion; he lost his foursome by 6 and 5, and was not considered good enough to play in the singles; we lost this match by eight matches to one.

When the match of 1930 was played at Royal St. George's, C. J. H. Tolley, who had won at Royal St. George's the previous year, was the Amateur Champion; he won his foursome playing with Roger Wethered by two holes, and lost his single by 5 and 4; and we lost the match by ten matches to two.

The match of 1928 was played at Chicago, where the Amateur Champion, T. P. Perkins, lost his foursome by 7 and 6, and his single by no less than 13 and 12; and we lost the match by eleven matches to one. From all accounts, our players appear to have felt the excessive heat more in this match than in any of the others played in the United States.

At last, in 1926, when the match was played at St. Andrews, we find the Amateur Champion successful in both the singles and the foursomes; he won his foursome by 8 and 7, and his single by 4 and 3; and we lost the match by six matches to five.

This is the only occasion on which, in Walker Cup matches, the Amateur Champion has won both his single and his foursome. It was unfortunate from our point of view that the two points won by the Amateur Champion went to the American team, as Jesse Sweetser was the Amateur Champion of that year.

In 1924, when the match was played at Garden City, New York, the Amateur Champion, E. W. E. Holderness, was unable to spare the time to make the journey to the U.S.A.

The Walker Cup matches were started in 1922, and were intended to be played every year, but after 1924 it was decided, probably owing to expense, to play them every other year.

In 1923, the first Walker Cup match to take place in Great Britain was played at St. Andrews, where the Amateur Champion, R. H. Wethered, won his foursome with Cyril Tolley as his partner, by 6 and 5, and halved his single with Francis Ouimet, and we lost by 6 and 5. Wethered is the only Amateur Champion to show a profit for Great Britain in a Walker Cup match.

In the match played at the National Links, Long Island, in 1922, the Amateur Champion was again E. W. E. Holderness, and he was again unable to play.

In 1921, before the Walker Cup was presented, a match between Great Britain and the United States of America was played at Hoylake. In this match, the Amateur Champion, C. J. H. Tolley, playing with E. W. E. Holderness, lost his foursome by 3 and 2, and won his single against Chick Evans by 4 and 3, and we lost the match by nine matches to three.

So you see that, if the Amateur Champion had never played for us in Walker Cup matches, the results could hardly have been very much worse than they are. Of the 108 individual matches which have been played, the Amateur Champion has won for Great Britain two foursomes and no singles, a very poor percentage of the twenty-six matches which have been won by British representatives.

Winners of the Croome Shield

C. J. Tolley and Gerald Russell, representing University College, Oxford, won the Croome Shield at Rye with the remarkable score of 70. It is the second time in three years that this pair have been victorious in the Society's foursomes which precede play for the President's Putter

THE ROYSTON GOLF CLUB BALL

Last week we gave the date of the Royston Golf Club ball as January 21st. This is incorrect, as the ball takes place on January 14th.

J. P. Marston and Kenneth Scott

Came second in the foursomes for the Croome Shield; their score was 73, one better than the previous best score, but still three behind the winners

E. H. Moss, G. H. Micklem, J. B. Beck and F. G. Mirfield

Micklem and Moss were defending the Croome Shield at Rye, but they only managed to return fourth best score—76. John Beck (holder of the President's Putter) and Mirfield spoilt a fine score at the last four holes and finished with 75. Oxford pairs secured first four places

The Opening of the Cresta Run

Prince Serge Asiewsky Waiting for the Bell to Ring

At the top of the Cresta on the day it opened, Prince Serge Asiewsky was waiting for the bell that means the electric timing apparatus has clocked a start. He was third in the first race of the season, the Baron Oertzen Cup

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Heaton, who are honeymooning at St. Moritz, were just off to the Cresta Run opening, in which he took part

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Heaton

M. Carl Nater and M. Fonjallez

These two Swiss riders are Carl Nater, whose father is Mayor of St. Moritz, and René Fonjallez, an Olympic rider, and also a writer, who owns a St. Moritz châlet. His first book, "Ventre à Terre," was dedicated to the Cresta

Dr. Irigoyen and Mr. Martineau

Were dancing to the loud-speaker that now broadcasts dance-music between the courses. Dr. Irigoyen, the Basque ace, did the best time of the opening day, and Henry Martineau the second best

Mr. Harbord and Miss Heaton

Ralph Harbord is one of the English contingent of Cresta riders. He and Miss Ninette Heaton, Jack Heaton's attractive sister, were sitting in the sun on the Palace terrace

The Spirit of the Spey
GUARANTEED TEN YEARS OLD
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
GUARANTEED
TEN YEARS OLD
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
30 under proof by distillation when bottled. Six bottles contain approximately one gallon
Government Tax 8/5½ on this Bottle
Bottled & Guaranteed by
W. & A. Gilbey Ltd
GILBEY'S

England's Team for Cardiff Took Shape Slowly

This scene from the final trial at Twickenham, when England only just beat the Rest, shows Cooke, the Rest scrum-half, getting out the ball to his backs as Giles tackles him. The team that was announced on the strength of the match left the scrum-half position to A. N. Other

Howard Marshall on Sport

RUGBY football gets going in a big way next Saturday, when England and Wales meet at Cardiff. I always like going to Wales for an international match. Nowhere else do you find quite the same fervour and enthusiasm. From the moment you set foot on the station platform at Cardiff or Swansea you are lifted into another world, a world where Rugby players are the only heroes and Rugby football itself mankind's highest activity.

If, perhaps, our perspective grows a little faulty, does it greatly matter? In these matter-of-fact days it's surely good now and again to leave ordinary dull standards behind and believe for a while that the gods walk the earth again.

I DON'T suggest necessarily that the England selectors have picked an Olympian team. As I write they have not even completed it, for the scrum-half position is occupied by A. N. Other, that most elusive and irritating gentleman.

He may well turn out to be B. C. Gadney, though the key to the whole England back division is F. J. Reynolds at stand-off half. The selectors, beyond question, are making a considerable gamble with Reynolds. To play a youngster in Wales, when he has only had two or three games after a severe bout of jaundice, hardly comes under the heading of the usual safety-first policy. Reynolds, mind you, is the type of stand-off half who should be reasonably consistent. His smooth technique will carry him through, provided only that he is physically fit; and jaundice—as most of us know to our cost—has exceedingly enervating after-effects.

I think myself that Reynolds will come up to scratch. And we certainly cannot blame the selectors for taking a chance after the thoroughly depressing displays given by potential England players in the last two trial matches.

Those who were at Twickenham when England played the Rest must have come away feeling that Wales would take twenty points off us. But trial matches are apt to be as deceptive as they are useless. They give the selectors a great deal of negative information, though here and there a player emerges who has positive value.

Such a one is B. E. Nicholson, of Surrey, who joins Peter Cranmer in the England centre. Nicholson is sturdily built, a real trier and a quick opportunist. Wales cannot afford to give him any rope.

I WOULD not argue that this is a great attacking side. But then, England's attack for some years hasn't been particularly conspicuous. In the last three matches against Wales England have not scored a single try. And Welshmen may say that England have been fortunate to escape defeat. In 1935 at Twickenham it was a penalty goal against the Welsh try which made a draw of the match. And in the rain and mud at Swansea in 1936, after Wales and England had both so brilliantly beaten New Zealand, there was no score. Last January, you will remember, Sever's astonishing dropped goal just enabled England to scrape home by a single point.

This is not exactly a glorious record, and it opens the way to controversy. In general, it is fair to say that the England selectors have been cautious. Instead of

(Concluded on page 70)

The Court Goes Hunting: with the Quorn and the Belvoir

The Belvoir held its New Year's meet at Colston Bassett, when Lady Kathleen Rollo and the Hon. Arthur Hope were photographed. He is Lord Rankeillour's brother and has been Treasurer of the King's Household since last October

Lieut.-Comdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist were out with the Quorn the day hounds met at Saxleby Park, near Melton Mowbray; they live at Ashby Pastures, Melton. Commander Buist has been appointed an Extra Equerry to the King

This England . . .

Burnsall in Wharfedale

ONE famous as an Elder Statesman, and a good countryman withal, spoke thus: "To me England is the country, and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, when I think of England when I am abroad, England comes to me . . . through the ear, through the eye and through certain imperishable scents". And he described them—the whistle of the stone-swept scythe, the breasting plough, the smell of autumn wood smoke. But for the Englishman at home what a multitude more of fine savours—old turf to walk on, beef, and great English beer. And to take but the beer (if it be Worthington), what a delight to eye and nostril before ever its mellow strength becomes our own.

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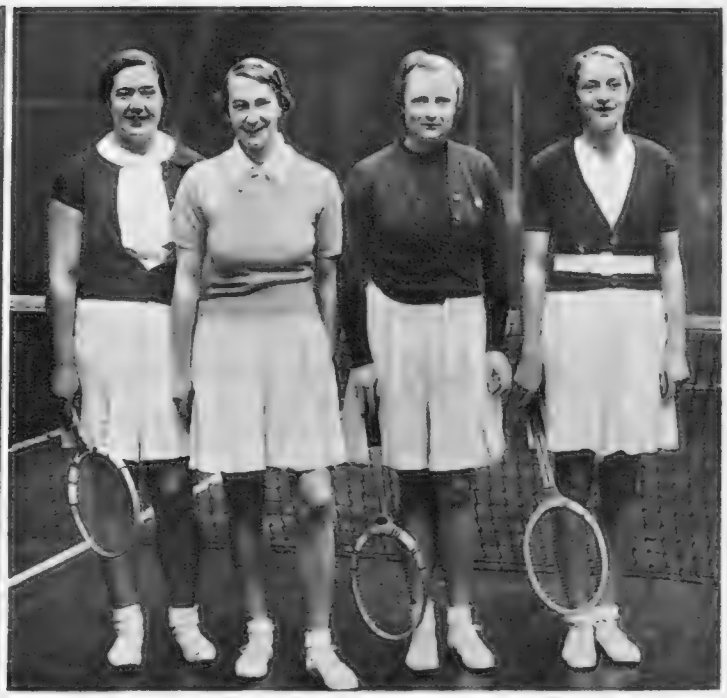
Derek and Mary Hardwick

Derek Hardwick, who did so well in the Dulwich junior tournament, had been practising hard with his sister, Mary, Great Britain's second ranker; and he can hold his own in a single



The Christmas Finalists in Paris

The Coupe de Noël was contested at the Sporting Club de Paris, and was won by the British pair seen here with their opponents in the finals: Miss Joan Saunders, Miss Valerie Scott, Mme. Curdel, and Mme. Rosambert. The winners are the British covered courts title-holders: their score was 6—3, 6—3

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 68)

building their side round individual attacking players, they have, in the main, concentrated upon solidity fore and aft.

Critics have chided them for this apparent lack of courage. It would be better, these critics maintain, to risk losing a few matches if only, by using the Heatons and the Autys, we can foster a spirit of attack as the basis of England Rugby football. And, they add, why should it be supposed that we would inevitably lose if we sacrificed a certain amount of covering and defence in midfield?

THE argument has its points. But I suspect the selectors would reply that they have tried some of these adventurers of genius behind the scrummage, only to see them fade away in the severities of international football.

Until we find backs of authentic genius, who add all round football ability to their powers of attack, it is better, in my opinion, to go for soundness every time.

This, at any rate, is what the selectors have done this year. There are a great number of excellent players about, but they have picked those who blend most satisfactorily. And we can't grumble if eleven of the present England team shared in the triumph at Murrayfield last March. These tried campaigners will not let England down. My own view is that they will beat Wales forward and so make negative a superior Welsh back division.

IT is extremely difficult to write with any confidence about the match, since so many key players are doubtful starters. The Welshmen, for instance, must be worrying exceedingly about Haydn Tanner at scrum-half and Wilfred Wooller in the centre, both of whom have been in the wars lately. If they are fit, we cannot doubt that these Welsh backs are tremendously dangerous. Their wings will be clipped, though, if England win the forward struggle. And that is the way I fancy it will go.

Here again prophecy is extremely difficult, for we can never tell how the slipshod scrummage laws will be interpreted. In every country we find differing views and if, as is possible, the outside men are allowed to hook with impunity by a referee who takes no notice of the intentions of the laws, much of England's scrummaging, and Toft's wizardry in particular, will be wasted.

I don't suppose that Tanner, Cliff Jones and Wooller are worrying a great deal about the set scrummages, although the Springboks in New Zealand have blown sky-high the theory that tries can't be scored from set positions. In the meanwhile, the quick heel from a loose maul is the half-back's best hope of starting a successful attack. And if Cliff Jones has the ball shot to him in this way three or four times during the match, I imagine he will have had all the opportunities he needs.

The Senior and Junior Finalists in the Public Schools Rackets Championship

Lord Aberdare's heir, the Hon. M. G. L. Bruce (Winchester), won the senior event at Queen's by beating D. G. Yeats Brown (Tonbridge) 15—8, 15—11, 18—15 in the final

The junior event, with an under-sixteen qualification and no handicap for age, was won by J. K. Drinkall (Haileybury). He beat his smaller opponent from Rugby, L. G. H. Hingley (right), by 4—15, 5—15, 15—8, 15—4, 15—9. As the score indicates, Hingley outplayed the Haileyburian at first, but could not keep it up

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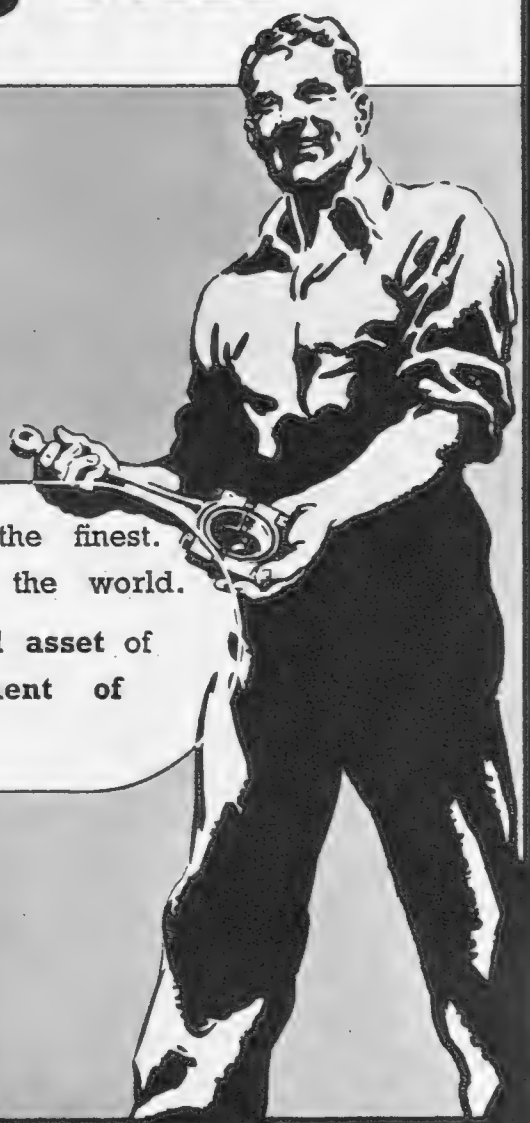

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Over the Seas and Far Away

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT is a curious thing that just as we have decided that players in the further parts of the Empire have not a fair chance of winning BYSTANDER Spoons or the Yearly Cup, one of them should add a fourth spoon to her three of the year, and so carry off the Cup itself. This is Mrs. D. P. Milne, of Barrackpore, Bengal, who wins a quadruple tie and the very heartiest congratulations.

A young golfer to watch in 1938 is Maureen Ruttle who, at sixteen, intends to enter for the British Ladies' Championship. Last year she and her father, Major Ruttle, who is also her "trainer," were runners-up in the Fathers and Daughters tournament

HOW exciting the last stages have been those of us checking the cards knew. Since August, when she won her fourth spoon, Mrs. J. B. Watson has been leading comfortably, nobody having more than three to their credit, though at that total there was a bunch, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. Semmence, of North Hants, Miss Nancy Cook, the Carnarvonshire champion, Mrs. Swannell, of Northampton, Miss Q. Baynes, of Shirley Park, Mrs. G. Buckley, of Withington, Mrs. E. Mercer, of Ashburnham, Mrs. E. de Moss, of Ashridge.

That was still the position when December started. If Mrs. Watson could win a spoon with any sort of score, the Cup was hers, and a very wonderful performance it would have been for a plus 2 to win against competitors up to 36. If she did not win a December spoon, and any of the three-spooners did, then a tie and the net aggregate of the winning cards would decide it. She put in a score, but it was a terribly bad one, and no spoon was hers; four of the bunch behind came up with a run, and the final order is: Mrs. Milne, whose four wins totalled 10 below the scratch score; Mrs. Semmence, 9 below; Mrs. Watson, 1 below (after a further tie with Miss Cook), 1 below; Mrs. Swannell, 16 above.

Mrs. Milne did some good reducing of handicap, for the first card, returned last January, read 86—21=65; scratch score 73=8 below. The next month, playing on 19, she was 67 net; in March she was 16 and 75 net; last month, 15, and again 75 net. That is a very excellent performance, just as Mrs. Semmence's reduction from 15 to 10 was well worth achieving, and Miss Cook's 7 to 4.

THE clubs in India have consistently won spoons, particularly since air-mail made it easier for them to get the cards here in time. Now, with the fresh conditions, under which cards from overseas will be accepted however long they take to get here, provided they are sent off within a week of being played, we may expect scores from all over the world—and delighted we shall be to see them. Kenya L.G.U., for instance, have very kindly sent out copies of conditions to all their clubs, and we may look for familiar names on the cards, such as that of Mrs. Belcher, their president, who used to be a leading light ten years ago at Princes, Mitcham, as Miss Eileen Palmer. Transvaal L.G.U. have been keeping the postman busy, too, and now the fun will begin with the arrival of the cards.

TALKING of South Africa, Sheila Stroyan, who has captained Scotland in the Girls' International matches, and holds the Dutch Championship, sails for that country next week on the Stirling Castle. She should be back in time to defend her Wentworth Scratch Foursomes title with Joan Pemberton, and will still be young enough to have one more try in the Girls' Championship next September—for which Joan unluckily will be too old at nineteen.

AND still talking of matters overseas, I must apologise for a slip made in speaking of Mrs. Halse Rogers a week or two back as president of the Australian L.G.U. Her services for golf all over the Antipodes, of course, have been tremendous, however much she in modesty may disclaim them, but it appears that the actual title of president belongs at present to Miss Una Clift, of Sydney, who is president of the Australian L.G.U. as well as of the New South Wales. Miss Clift's was a name often on the lips of those lucky mortals who toured Australia and New Zealand a couple of years ago.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Matchless Pearl

(Continued from page 61)

idea struck Monteori; looking back on it, I think it must have been. I'm pretty sure he had bought the pearl as he said, and I don't think he had asked us to dinner for any ulterior motive. But you watch the simplicity of the thing from now on. At the time nothing much happened; only Monteori's eyeglass fell out and clinked against his atrocious onyx button, and we heard no more of his being a Ukelele Ute.

INDEED, we heard no more of him for two months, for he went off the next day to Deauville, and then to St. Jean de Luz, and thence out of sight. I saw his Tartarascon Phyllis a few months after, but she was with an Argentine who glared when I raised my hat, so I couldn't glean any news.

Then one day Vansittart asked me if I'd seen the *Paris-New York Herald* that morning. I always look at it if I want to know where the Sovereign of Great Britain or his more aristocratic subjects are; you never find such full details in any but the organ of a democracy. That day, however, I had not seen it, and Vansittart said I was to look for the Ukelele Ute in it. So I looked it up at the club, and found a headline: "MISS VANDERFELLER ENGAGED EUROPEAN COUNT SAY INTIMATE FRIENDS; PARENTS UNPLACATED BY MONTEORI EUROPEAN ESTATES." I thought the parents were probably right, and rang up Dupuy and laughed with him over it.

He enjoyed the mild joke; but the following week he rang me up and almost ordered me to lunch with him. I was lunching with Vansittart, so the three of us joined up. When we had dealt with Tartarascon's lunch in a manner to please even that artist, Dupuy showed me a cable in Monteori's English, which is so much better than mine and so much easier than Vansittart's. It ran something like this: "Still a Ukelele Ute but ashamed of pearl all alone must have another equally exquisite to make earrings for lovely ears search Europe Ceylon romantic perfumed East price no consideration must have pearl September 2nd. Best regards etcetera Monteori." I thought the name Alfred Jingle would have read well as a signature, but I didn't say so.

DUPUY was pulling wires all over Europe to find the match of the Blue Egg. Nobody could hope for an exact one, but one of his Spanish agents seemed to have struck what one might call a good half-twin. Blue pearls come from one small portion of the East African seaboard, but if you will consult a political map you'll see that it is not unreasonable to expect to find some specimens between Santander and Gibraltar. Dupuy's man was in San Sebastian, after doing some good business on the Biscayan coast during the Biarritz season, and if his wire meant anything, it meant that Monteori would get his second pearl by September 2nd. Dupuy showed me his man's telegram, but, of course, it was all weights and measurements.

The man brought the pearl to Paris a day or two later, and afterwards Dupuy invited himself to dinner at Vansittart's club, as pleased as Punch. The pearl was a real find. "There are differences, of course," said Dupuy, "but not enough to be perceptible to the lay eye." He didn't know where his man had got it, beyond that it came from a very old family which had sworn him to secrecy—you know the sort of ancient-and-fishlike pride stunt. But he'd brought off the deal for eleven thousand pounds, and as Monteori had paid eight thousand as a great bargain for the first, and the two together immensely increased each other's value, the deal was a pretty good one.

Still, as Vansittart said, pedigree counts with very rare jewels, and Dupuy was still trying to get hold of the title-deeds, as it were, of the second Blue Egg. We laughed about Monteori's luck; he owed us all money, and we were but units in a regiment, and certainly did not expect to be paid if he married a dozen heiresses, but somehow one laughs genially at Monteori, and can't be angry with him.

Dupuy was, though! Is still! Two days later he came crowding over the page's indignant shoulder at my club, and thrust a cablegram into my hand without a word. I looked at him and ordered some iced lime-juice for him. Then I read the telegram; it was from his agent, now at St. Jean de Luz: "Permission now obtained to reveal origin pearl. Once property Esperre family it was left here by Count Monteori with instructions hold in secrecy till further notice. That notice came authorising sale just before your search blue pearl any price. Eleven thousand very cheap if to make pair. Pedigree undoubted. Jewel historic."

NOW do you see what I mean by simplicity? And why I despise crooks who have to go outside the law to cheat it? Monteori couldn't be indicted for selling the pearl he had honestly bought. He couldn't be indicted for asking Dupuy to find him a pair to it, especially as he didn't give orders to sell the Blue Egg till after he had asked Dupuy to find a companion to it. And he made all that quite clear by a cablegram the very next day: "No reply to my cable why not have answered consider order cancelled have sold pearl engagement broken heart also cheerio." I must say I do like iridescence. But Dupuy can't forgive him. I dare say he'll sell the Blue Egg for eleven thousand all right—but then, he said there were differences in the two pearls. Not perceptible to the lay eye—but differences!

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

For some time past designers have striven to get back to shorter skirts for evening, and many uneven hemlines were shown in last season's collections. In some cases skirts which trailed on the ground from behind rose up as far as the knees in front, while the ballerina frock, anything from twelve to fourteen inches off the ground, caused quite a sensation among debutantes. A further and more modest attempt to show shapely ankles is being made by designers this season, and the advanced Spring model on this page is an excellent example of how becoming it can prove. Clouds of tulle in palest cyclamen, shading to deep fuchsia and purple orchid, make this charming dress from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is designed with a tunic skirt dipping slightly at the back, over a transparent hemline. The neck is gathered into soft folds across the front, while a fuchsia sash and spray of mixed carnations at the waist add an effective splash of colour

After Dark

Scott-Bushe

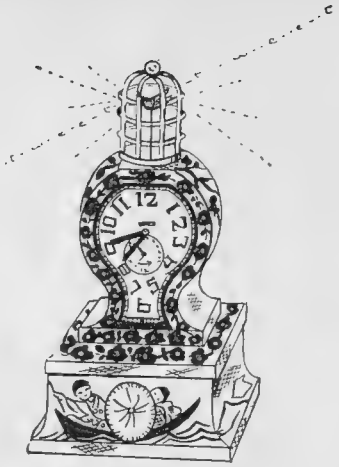
Good foundations are as essential to a woman's wardrobe as they are to any building, and now is the time to buy them as the winter sale at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is in full swing. Their lovely lingerie should be first on the list, as it imparts a delightful sense of luxury and poise to the wearer. In the picture above, the figure gazing out of the window is wearing a charming sleeping set in parchment satin beauté with a coloured trellis design interspersed with occasional polka dots. The pyjamas have loose trousers and a short coat with an Eton collar, while the dressing-gown is man-tailored and ties with a sash. The set complete costs four pounds nineteen shillings, and is ideal for travelling, as it is smart and easily packed

Frivolous lingerie is particularly refreshing after the somewhat austere and severely tailored lines of day clothes, and to appear thoroughly "fluffy" is often a welcome change. Spotted chiffon makes the enchanting nightdress on the left. It is obtainable from Harvey Nichols in dark and pastel shades, including pink, cherry, peach and sky blue, with either a contrasting or self-coloured spot. Rows of frilling trim the neck and hem, while the bodice is lightly shirred and caught round the waist with a velvet ribbon. For those who prefer a more formal design, there is the satin night-dress above with an écru tinted lace bib. This is only one of many beautiful models. Some in satin beauté are reduced to a pound, while others in chiffon are 25s. 9d. Further bargains include backless cami-knickers for evening in heavy crêpe-de-Chine at 15s., and tailored taffeta slips for the same price

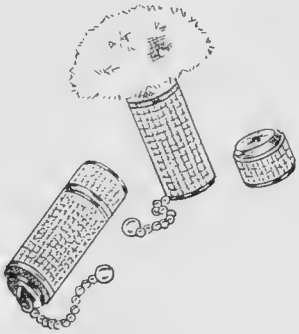
discovered by Peta

pictured by Pam

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of novelties



You can wake up to the sound of birds singing if you buy this alarum clock from Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street. It is framed in Chinese lacquer and supports a miniature cage containing a humming-bird. This bursts into song as soon as the alarum has ceased ringing



An attractive New Year mascot is this "Pixie" powder-case from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. Fitted with a washable "lambkin" puff, it is not much bigger than a lipstick and costs a guinea in engine-turned silver, or £1 17s. 6d. in silver and enamel

The Twins positively glowed with pride when they found the word "Bystander" scattered over this brightly coloured crêpe-de-Chine scarf from Selfridge's, Oxford Street. It costs 7s. 6d., and is covered with the names of well-known periodicals such as "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News"

The cold light of day is never very flattering, but this flapjack will prove far more encouraging than some, as the mirror is attached to a swivel and can therefore be tilted at any angle. It costs 67s. 6d. in sterling silver, and may be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

Wedding presents are some of the problems which should be solved at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. This beer set, for example, in real silver, consisting of a tray, jug, and six mugs with tusk handles, is an excellent solution which never fails to please

Even if you are not going abroad, you will enjoy wearing this Austrian set of knitted accessories from Finnigan's, as they are warm and unusual. The jumper is closely ribbed and worked with an animal design which is repeated on the cap and scarf

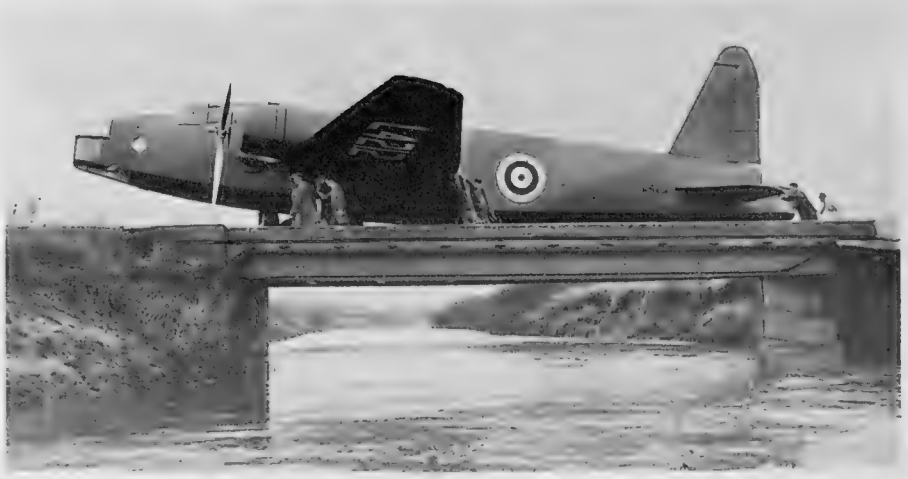
The ardent squash player will take a special delight in using this cherry pick stand with a chromium racket and six balls. It is unusual in design and would make an excellent club trophy or wedding present. From the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

Radio Band for Private Pilots

By Charles Ward

AMATEUR pilots and owners of aircraft used exclusively for private touring, will welcome a move made by the Royal Aero Club to secure what is known as a radio band for their especial use. This proposal, together with another recommending that a code be developed for international purposes, has been submitted to a Congress meeting in Cairo next month. Private flying interests are being ignored by the powers that be, in favour of those to do with commercial and military aviation. This is perhaps natural when one considers the importance of the air-way for trade and defence, but there is plenty of room in the sky for all forms of transport, provided that its use is controlled intelligently. Wireless scientists have promised us a sort of radio Kraxon—a warning note made visible on a ground-glass screen, indicating the proximity, height and speed of another aeroplane. The perfection of such a device would render collisions in the air a remote possibility. On the assumption that no incompetent person would have charge of an aircraft, the avoidance of other machines would become a matter almost of routine.

A BIG strafe is being prepared for the Air Ministry by commercial concerns which need accommodation for their 'planes. Imperial Airways especially has been encouraged in the general sense and financed particularly to develop fast British routes to the Continent and throughout the Empire. Money has been found for some 30 flying-boats which are operating from a temporary base at Southampton. The construction of permanent quarters at Portsmouth is still in abeyance. This year, 12 forty-seater air-liners and 5 express mail and passenger 'planes will be delivered to the Company. Croydon is so full at the moment that overhauls and minor repairs have to be carried out on the tarmac. Lullingstone is still in its natural state—also Fairlop. Both will need from two to three years' work before they are ready for use. Gatwick has a scheme which sounds attractive, but it needs money and it needs an official guarantee that such money will not be wasted. In other words, if successful development is financed by private enterprise, the Air Ministry must lend support instead of obstructing progress.



Re-armament at Brooklands. The Vickers "Wellington," a twin-engined edition of the geodetic "Wellesley," crossing the water prior to a test flight

THE "Centaurus" made its first flight over the Tasman Sea in nine hours, thus bringing New Zealand within reasonable mail distance of England. Meanwhile, the Americans have made contact by air with our most distant Dominion and a service to the United States is under way. Co-operation between British and American air services is more essential in the Pacific than the Atlantic, for obvious reasons of strategy. Towards South America, our survey party has completed its work and trial flights are expected this year.

THE PICK OF RESORTS FOR WINTER SPORTS

A through carriage from Calais to Ulzio, just beyond the Mt. Cenis Tunnel, then half an hour by car and you are at SESTRIERE; 6,700 ft. up in the Italian Alps in the place that was built for ski-ers —and only 20 hours from London. In SESTRIERE there is snow from November to May; there are gentle slopes for beginners, thrilling descents for the expert. Three funiculars climb to 8,800 ft. to give you variety—and if you like to ski down into the adjoining valleys, there is a bus service to take you home. There are hotels to suit all tastes, a cinema and a fine skating rink in this wonder resort that was picked as the ideal place for winter sports.

The average daily Tariff is:- Grand Hotel Principi di Piemonte, 100 rooms, en pension, including private bathroom—20/-: Grand Hotel Duchi d'Aosta, 18 floors, 300 beds, en pension—14/-: Hotel Le Torre di Sestriere, 16 floors, 160 rooms, en pension—11/-: Hotel Monte Sises, 120 rooms, en pension—10/-. *Information, booklets, etc., from* E.N.I.T. 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1., or ANY TOURIST AGENCY.

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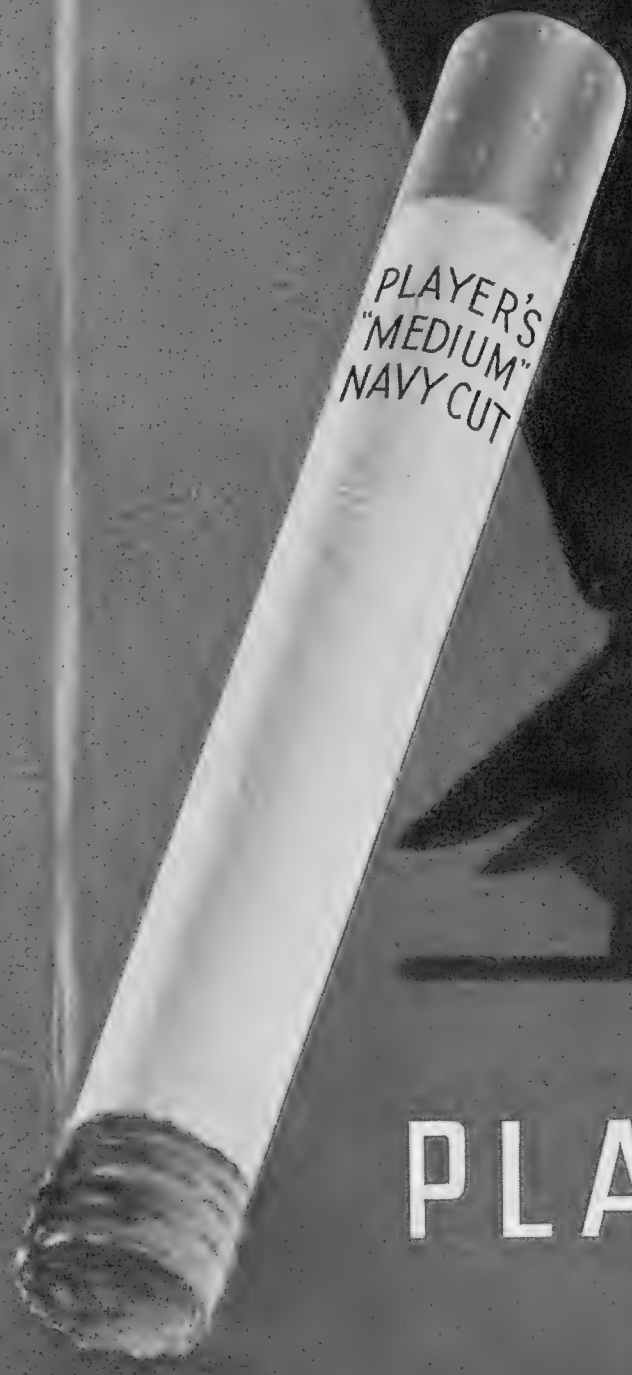

Bright lights and airy chatter .... and over the cocktails whispered confidences mingling with the latest dance rhythm .... capped, almost invariably, with Player's Cork Tipped, 'Medium' or 'Mild' as preferred

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NCC 370E

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

LAST week I wrote about the Monte Carlo Rally which starts this month, and I inferred that this event is probably the world's most arduous endurance test for drivers. Now I have received particulars of another motoring event which is likely to stress drivers and cars to capacity—although the climatic conditions prevailing during the running will be diametrically opposed to the bitter cold which always characterises the Monte Carlo Rally.

This new event is the Round-the-Union Trial which is to be held in South Africa at Easter. Competitors will be required to cover 2500 miles at an average speed of almost exactly 30 m.p.h., over atrocious African roads, in an over-all time of 99 hours, including a maximum allowance of 15 hours for all stops for food, rest, and refuelling—the longest scheduled stop being 4½ hours. As if this were not strenuous enough, competitors will have to pass through 99 secret controls, clocking through on time at each of them.

Those taking part in the Trial will start simultaneously from three centres—Johannesburg, Cape Town, and Durban, the three chief cities of the Union. The course will be kept secret until shortly before they leave, when the schedules will be released. They will all cover the same ground, which includes the Cape Mountain passes, the Karoo wastes, the Drakensberg Mountains, and the native territory of the Transkei, which will then be experiencing its rainy season.

Should any of my readers feel the urge to enjoy a nice restful holiday by competing in this lethargic competition, I shall be happy to put him in touch with its organisers.

HARKING back to the Royal Automobile Club's reception of Captain George Eyston on his triumphant arrival home from Utah, some very interesting observations were made by various speakers at that function.

Did you know, for instance, that the difference between Sir Malcolm Campbell's 301 m.p.h. and George Eyston's 312 m.p.h. is—two-fifths of a second! Two-fifths of a second off Eyston's time would beat the existing record by 15 m.p.h.! Such are the fine limits of time that modern speed deals in!

We were also told that since Hemery broke the world's land speed record twenty-nine years ago, ten names only have figured in the list of holders of this greatest of all records—*and seven of these are British.*

Again, in the list of world's record-holders, six men between them hold every possible world record up to twenty-four hours, these being Eyston and Denly, Jenkins and Meyer, Rosemeyer and Campbell.

George Eyston related how he and his colleagues arranged a code between them by which his speed on his first run was to be communicated to him at the far end of the course in order that no unofficial speed should leak out to the assembled news-hawks, the mean speed of two runs in opposite directions being the only figure which counts.

Eyston is blessed with four names, and these arranged in their order were to represent certain speeds as follows:

George	- - -	295 m.p.h.
Edward	- - -	300 ,,
Thomas	- - -	305 ,,
Eyston	- - -	310 ,,

Unfortunately, something went wrong with the photo-electric cell-timing apparatus on the first run, and in the ensuring excitement the pre-arranged code was forgotten about, and he received the message "309."

The damage was done. The Pressmen heard the magic figure and knew that it was quicker than Campbell's mean speed record, and off it went to every paper in the world—and on that day the second run was never completed at all!

LAST year British motor-racing enthusiasts first made the acquaintance of Emilio Villoresi. This youthful but grey-haired Italian came over here with his Scuderia Ambrosiana Maserati and was dogged by mechanical trouble every time he drove.

I believe I am right in saying that he first appeared in the Round-the-Houses race in the Isle of Man when, after putting up some fine times in practice, engine trouble forced him to retire in the race itself. Next we saw him at Shelsley Walsh, when he again fought a losing battle with a recalcitrant motor. His final appearance was in the Imperial Trophy Race at the Crystal Palace where again "the wheels refused to go round."

Nevertheless, Villoresi became popular with the motor-racing fans, and I only hope that he liked us as much as we liked him, for it is now announced that this year he is to drive one of the new 1½-litre cars for the Scuderia Ferrari, and we should greatly like to see Villoresi back among us with his new mount this season.

Bride and Bridegroom left for **NASSAU**

In winter, Nassau is a place of soft breezes and clear blue waters. Quiet little bathing coves are there and gay bathing beaches too, with fine restaurants and music under the palm trees. Evening comes with warm hibiscus-scented twilight, and the old Colonial houses glow white and gentle behind orchid trees and casias and calabash. In the clubs and cabarets, dance-bands throb and chant their haunting music, but down by the old water-front the fishing-boats are nuzzling against the sea-wall and shifting uneasily in their sleep. Some distance out a glittering white steam-yacht rides at anchor . . . *Nassau, what a heavenly place for a honeymoon!*

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours. By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by Ship. By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days. By Pacific Navigation Co. via Azores, 12 days. By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognised as a health resort for over 200 years.

PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horseracing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafes. Sea temperature during winter between 68° F. and 72° F.

ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?

First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

I wish to know more about Nassau and the Bahamas. Please send me booklets.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

The Bahamas Development Board, Nassau Information Bureau, 211 Piccadilly, W.1.

MANN-REKLAME

★ Three Vital Needs for Women!

REJUVENATING MASK

The only mask in the world shaped to restore the youthful beauty of the face and rejuvenate the skin without the slightest discomfort to the wearer. Worn at night after the face has been thoroughly cleansed and dried, the natural properties of the mask promote sleep and eventually eliminate all ageing lines, wrinkles, blackheads and other impurities of the skin. A definite aid to correct breathing through the nostrils. Prevents dropping of lower jaw—the cause of snoring. Perfect uplift to a sagging chin. It is a one-piece mask made of finest Chiffon Latex, with no tapes or ties and is adjusted in a few moments. Price **10/6**

Chiffon Latex BRASSIÈRE

This perfect fitting slimming and supporting garment is an entirely new departure for day and evening wear. It gives complete support to the figure and is designed to enable the wearer freedom of movement, which makes the wearing of a brassière a pleasure. It is made in feather-weight pastel pink Chiffon Latex, which fits the figure like a second skin and is devoid of all fastenings. Price **12/6**

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A new and entirely different Sanitary Knicker dispensing with all belts and ties, which undoubtedly fills a long felt need and has no duplicate in the world. The Fieldwear Knicker is made of the finest Chiffon Latex and gives equal comfort by day and night. It enables the wearer to enjoy strenuous movement with complete safety, and is invisible when worn under the flimsiest of frocks. Price **12/11**

SPECIAL OFFER TO MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL AGES

So convinced are we that the Fieldwear Rejuvenating Mask fulfils all claims made for it, that until January 20th we will send the *Mask only* direct to anyone forwarding 10/6. If they do not experience complete comfort and restful sleep with only one night's trial, their money will be refunded in full, if mask is returned to us within 36 hours of purchase. Send measurement round forehead to nape of neck and from under chin to crown of head.

Fieldwear garments are sold by all leading London and Provincial stores, and from January 20th the Fieldwear Rejuvenating Mask can be obtained through stockists. In case of difficulty write direct to us for name of nearest stockist

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Wilcox

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100 Hotels and Boarding Houses — 300 private villas
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Savoy Hotel Open all year — Near Casino — Large garden — Every comfort — Full Pens. from 12/-
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CASINO — Theatre — Entertainments
Concerts — Dancing

Hotel Royal All mod. comfort — Sunny — Overlooking the Sea — Pens. from 8/-
Hotel Continental Splendid position — Park — Every comfort.—Pens. fr. 8/-
Hotel Bristol All rooms south view — Modern comfort.—Lift—Pens. from 5/6

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Bask at your ease beside the bluest of blue seas. Enjoy your favourite sport — golf, tennis, polo, yachting, by day and non-stop fun by night in such resorts as Cannes, Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, etc.

★ *ASK FOR booklets "THE RIVIERA REVISITED" by Charles Graves, "FRANCE," and details of special reduced 30-day Holiday Tickets with 25% reduction in Wagons-lits and Pullman accommodation; Family tickets with 75% reduction for the third and subsequent persons; conditions of free rail transport of cars in France, etc., and all information from FRENCH RAILWAYS — NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 179 Piccadilly, W.1, ('phone REGent 0135), the S.R. CONTINENTAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or the PRINCIPAL TOURIST AGENCIES.*

...WHERE YOUR £ IS WORTH MORE!

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player, if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad

December Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. C. W. Mackey	Frilford Heath	82	17	65	73	8 below
Miss Nancy Cook	Carnarvonshire	78	4	74	74	All square
Mrs. Semmence	North Hants	84	10	74	74	" "
Mrs. G. A. Collins	Addington	82	5	77	76	1 above
Mrs. L. R. Harrison	Mere	89	13	76	75	1 "
Miss Blamey	Cuddington	94	17	77	76	1 "
Mrs. D. P. Milne	Barrackpore	90	15	75	73	2 "
Mrs. G. E. Dazeley	Northampton	82	4	78	74	4 "
Mrs. Swannell	Northampton	83	5	78	74	4 "

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	86	8	78	74	4 above
Mrs. W. W. Burton	Mere	87	7	80	75	5 "
Miss M. Kendall	Northampton	94	15	79	74	5 "
Dr. Hendrie	Northampton	93	12	81	74	7 "
Mrs. W. A. Dunn	Northampton	97	16	81	74	7 "
Mrs. K. Anderton	Mere	100	17	83	75	8 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. D. E. Gomme	Barrackpore	102	36	66	73	7 below
Mrs. A. Marshall	Hillside	97	27	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Bull	Hockley	99	30	69	72	3 "
Mrs. A. L. McWilliam	Barrackpore	98	26	72	73	1 "
Miss B. Stone	Shirley Park	99	27	72	73	1 "
Mrs. E. Whiteside	Hillside	106	32	74	75	1 "
Mrs. Freda Corti	West Herts	106	34	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Stewart	North Hants	103	27	76	73	3 above
Mrs. G. Greig	North Hants	96	19	77	73	4 "

THE "BYSTANDER" YEARLY CHALLENGE CUP has been won by MRS. D. P MILNE (Barrackpore, India) after a tie with MRS. SEMMENCE (North Hants), MRS. J. B. WATSON (Gullane), MISS NANCY COOK (Carnarvonshire), and MRS. W. SWANNELL (Northampton). MRS. MILNE'S winning cards totalled 10 below the scratch score of 73, MRS. SEMMENCE'S 9 below, MRS. WATSON and MISS COOK with 1 below, and MRS. SWANNELL 16 above.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JANUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

"Might I enquire, Sir, whether you have recently visited Spitzbergen or Baffin Island?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Then no doubt you are interested in some commercial form of refrigeration — chilled beef, for instance?"

"Nothing to do with it."

"In that case, Sir, you will have no objection to closing that window. It is exceedingly cold, and the draught is ferocious."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm terribly sorry. Fact is, I've a most appalling headache, and the cool air does it good. I attended a most enjoyable party last night, and I'm feeling much the worse for it."

"My dear fellow, why didn't you say so at first? Trouble is, it's so long since I've had a hangover myself, I've almost forgotten the symptoms. Was there no Rose's Lime Juice in your corner of the Shires?"

"Afraid I don't follow you."

"Rose's Lime Juice, I said. Cancels hangovers in advance. You either mix it with gin, or swallow a stiff glass solo before bed. Why, man, it's smoothed the paths of thousands."

"You're telling me that Rose's fills this long-felt want?"

"I've never known it fail."

"Then, Sir, I am deeply indebted to you. Here is my card. I trust that we shall see more of each other. Much more. Are you by any chance free to dine tonight? Wonderful how these chance encounters change the course of one's whole life."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink — 2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink — add soda.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 12—January 18

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A LADY'S GENTLEMAN.—From the Hungarian, this amusing politico-social play has Margaretta Scott, Ronald Squire and Frank Pettingell in the leads: Vaudeville, 9. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson lead, Saint-Denis produced, Motley decorated: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Shakespeare's fantasy gets an enchanting production and performance with Ralph Richardson as Bottom, Robert Helpmann and Vivien Leigh: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, 7. Wed., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Sheridan's comedy is part of the Gielgud season; brilliantly acted, it out-plays and outwits every modernity: Queen's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes) · Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed.; Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHOOSE YOUR TIME.—A new kind of revue mixture: Yvonne Arnaud, Frances Day, Naunton Wayne, news reel and Donald Duck: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious revue will make a pleasant and not taxing evening · Elisabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30

'PHONE REGent 6000
for your Theatre Seats
KEITH PROWSE
& Co., Ltd.
159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

MARINA.—An amusing and musical extravaganza on ice: Empress Stadium, Earl's Court, 3 and 8.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

OH! LETTY.—A musical comedy that's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson. Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 100.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS OUT.—Henry Edwards as Drummond: Savoy, 8.30 only.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes · Palladium, 6.15 and 9.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS.—A comedy with Antoinette Cellier, Henry Kendall, and Diana Beaumont: Ambassadors, 8.30.

Christmas Holiday Fare

ALADDIN.—Elsie Randolph as Aladdin; Arthur Riscoe as Widow Twankey: Adelphi, 2 and 7.45.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS: Playhouse, 2.30

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—With Robin Maule: Garrick, 2.30.

CINDERELLA. — Stanley Lupino, Madge Elliott and Greta Fayne: Prince's, 2 and 7.30.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.—Matinée recitals at the Rudolf Steiner Hall.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA.—With Sebastian Shaw: Phœnix, 2.30 and 8.

PETER PAN.—Anna Neagle as Peter, Pamela Standish as Wendy, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook: Palladium, 2.15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—With Malcolm Keen: Savoy, 2.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

Circuses

BERTRAM MILLS': Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

ALTHOFF'S: Royal Agricultural Hall.

CINEMAS

LA BELLE EQUIPE (French).—Julien Duvivier directed this; Jean Gabin acts in it: Berkeley.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier also directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay. Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (British).—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in her first technicolour film act a mild comedy-satire: Odeon.

LA GRANDE ILLUSION (French).—Jean Renoir directed this sensitive and sympathetic portrayal of life in a war-prisoners' camp; von Stroheim, Pierre Fresnay, Jean Gabin: Academy.

GRIBOUILLE (French).—Rainer has a great part in this film of French village life and a murder trial: Curzon.

HITTING A NEW HIGH (American).—Jack Oakie and Lily Pons and Edward Everett Horton are the players in this story of a publicity stunt: Tivoli.

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour, music and a good story; Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER (American).—High standard of crazy comedy, with Leslie Howard on form, Bette Davis, and Olivia de Havilland: Gaumont.

MARIE WALEWSKA (American).—Garbo as the countess and Charles Boyer as the emperor give fine performances in an authentic Napoleon picture: Empire.

THE PERFECT SPECIMEN (American).—Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell are in this: Plaza.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (American).—Ronald Colman in a dual role, Madeleine Carroll, Raymond Massey and Douglas Fairbanks, junior, in Anthony Hope's story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SMASH AND GRAB (British).—Thrills and comedy are ingeniously and ingenuously mixed with Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, Arthur Margetson: New Gallery.

SOUTH RIDING (British).—Winifred Holtby's novel makes a film with Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd: London Pavilion.

STAGE DOOR (American).—Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are two rival actresses whose personalities clash over Adolphe Menjou's stage power: Regal.

WELLS FARGO (American).—Big cast and big canvas shows a panorama of American history: Carlton.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FIDELIO.—To-night, 12th, 8.

BARABAU, BAISER DE LA FEE, WEDDING BOUQUET.—Thurs., 13th, 8.30.

MASTERSINGERS.—Fri., 14th, 6.45.

CARNAVAL, COPPELIA.—Sat., 15th, 2.30.

MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 15th, 8.

GODS GO A-BEGGING, CHECKMATE, LORD OF BURLEIGH.—Tues., 18th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Concert

L.P.O.—Leslie Heward conducts; Myra Hess is the soloist, in Brahms D minor piano concerto; also Rimsky-Korsakov, Ernest Bloch, and E. J. Moeran: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 13th, 8.15.

EXHIBITIONS

CHINESE ART.—Proceeds for Chinese medical relief: 9, Conduit Street.

EUROPEAN ART OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—Burlington House.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Margaret Jean Robertson

Is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. F. W. Robertson, of Foxhill, Elstead, Surrey, and is engaged to Major G. B. J. Kellie, M.C., R.A., only surviving son of the late Lieut.-Col. E. C. Kellie and Mrs. Kellie, of Park House, Winchester

Hay Wrightson

Ursula Tagart

Is the daughter of the late Major-General Sir Harold and Lady Tagart, and lives at Tewkesbury Park, Glos. She is engaged to James Eric Putnam, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Putnam, of Farringdon House, near Exeter

Vandyk

Helene Steen

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erling Steen, of Pjaaka, Lysaker, Oslo; she is engaged to Sub-Lieutenant Michael Roupell, R.N., elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. P. S. Roupell, of St. Andrew's, Bedford

Lenare

Mary Stirling

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stirling, of 84, Rodney Court, W.9; she is engaged to Sidney Boulting, son of the late F. E. Boulting and Mrs. Boulting, of Dorset House, Gloucester Place, N.W.1

Vandyk

Inga Grey Turner

Is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. G. Grey Turner, of Huntercombe Manor, near Taplow, Bucks. She is to marry Dr. Philip Henry Almroth Willcox, son of Sir William and Lady Willcox, of 40, Welbeck Street, W.1

Lafayette

Betty Style

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Style, of Boxley House, Maidstone, and has announced her engagement to H. C. Hatfield, youngest son of the late Captain Hatfield and Mrs. Hatfield, of Hartsdown

Kay Vaughan

Adeline Mary Simson

Is the daughter of the late Robert Simson and Mrs. Simson, of Moorside, Balerno, Midlothian; she is engaged to John Ronald Cameron, W.S., younger son of the Master of Caius College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Cameron

Speaight

Joyce Pearman Smith

Is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pearman Smith, of Well Barn, Moulsford, Berks., and is engaged to Basil Suter, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Suter, of Drynham, Oatlands Chase, Weybridge

Hamilton — Heron Watson

At St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, Captain T. W. Hamilton, Highland Light Infantry, only son of the late F. E. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, of Kenwyn, Truro, married Margot Heron Watson, younger daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Heron Watson, of Airleywight, Bankfoot, Perthshire

Rylands — Goldson

Lieut. James Wolferstan Rylands, R.N., son of the late T. K. Rylands and Mrs. Rylands, of Dorchester, Dorset, and Diana Elizabeth Goldson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Goldson, of The Cottage, Greatham, Co. Durham, were married at Greatham Parish Church

Lang — Long

There was a naval and military guard of honour at St. Mark's, North Audley St., for the marriage of Edward James Morgan Lang, Sherwood Foresters, son of Major and Mrs. J. A. N. Lang, of Aisacre, Bosham, Sussex, and Peggy Marion Long, only daughter of the late Mr. Long and Mrs. David Ross

Peddie — Humfress

Graham Peddie, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Peddie, of Ladywell, Great Hallingbury, Bishops Stortford, and Dorothy Mary Humfress, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. T. Humfress, of Drayton Court, S.W., were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Cheetham — Corfe

Nicolas John Alexander Cheetham, H.M. Diplomatic Service, son of the late Sir Milne Cheetham, of Hills House, Denham, and of Mrs. Nigel Law, of High Trees, Chalfont St. Peters, married Jean Corfe, daughter of Lieut.-Col. A. C. Corfe, of 9, Chalcot Sq., N.W., and Mrs. Corfe, of Athens

Cann — Long

At Chelsea Old Church, Dr. John Cann, only son of His Honour Sir William and Lady Cann, of 78, Clarence Road, St. Albans, married Enid Grace Long, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Long, of Gorse Bank, Woking

Mursell — North

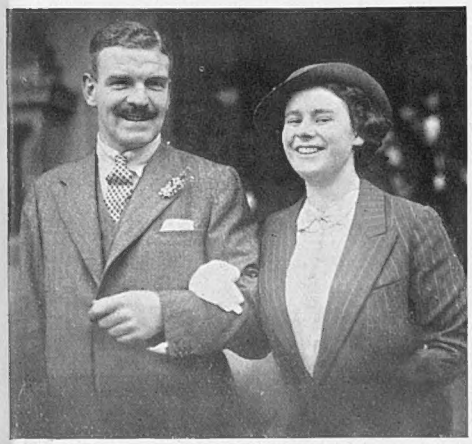
Peter Mursell, elder son of the late T. A. Mursell, of Kettering, and Mrs. Mursell, of Wisborough Green, Sussex, and Cicely North, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. North, of Loxwood, Sussex, were married at St. Nicholas, Alfold

Birt — Moore

Anthony Birt, R.A., son of Mrs. A. W. Birt, of 22, St. Mark's Court, N.W.8, and Rosemary Moore, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. H. G. Moore, of The Plantation, Stock, Essex, were married at All Saints', Stoke, Essex

Manifold — Saunders

At St. James's, Piccadilly, John Alistair Manifold, second son of Colonel and Mrs. J. A. Manifold, of Simla, India, married Martha Saunders, only daughter of the late W. V. Saunders and Mrs. Saunders, of Rokeby, Pelsall, Staffs.



Perry — O'Reilly

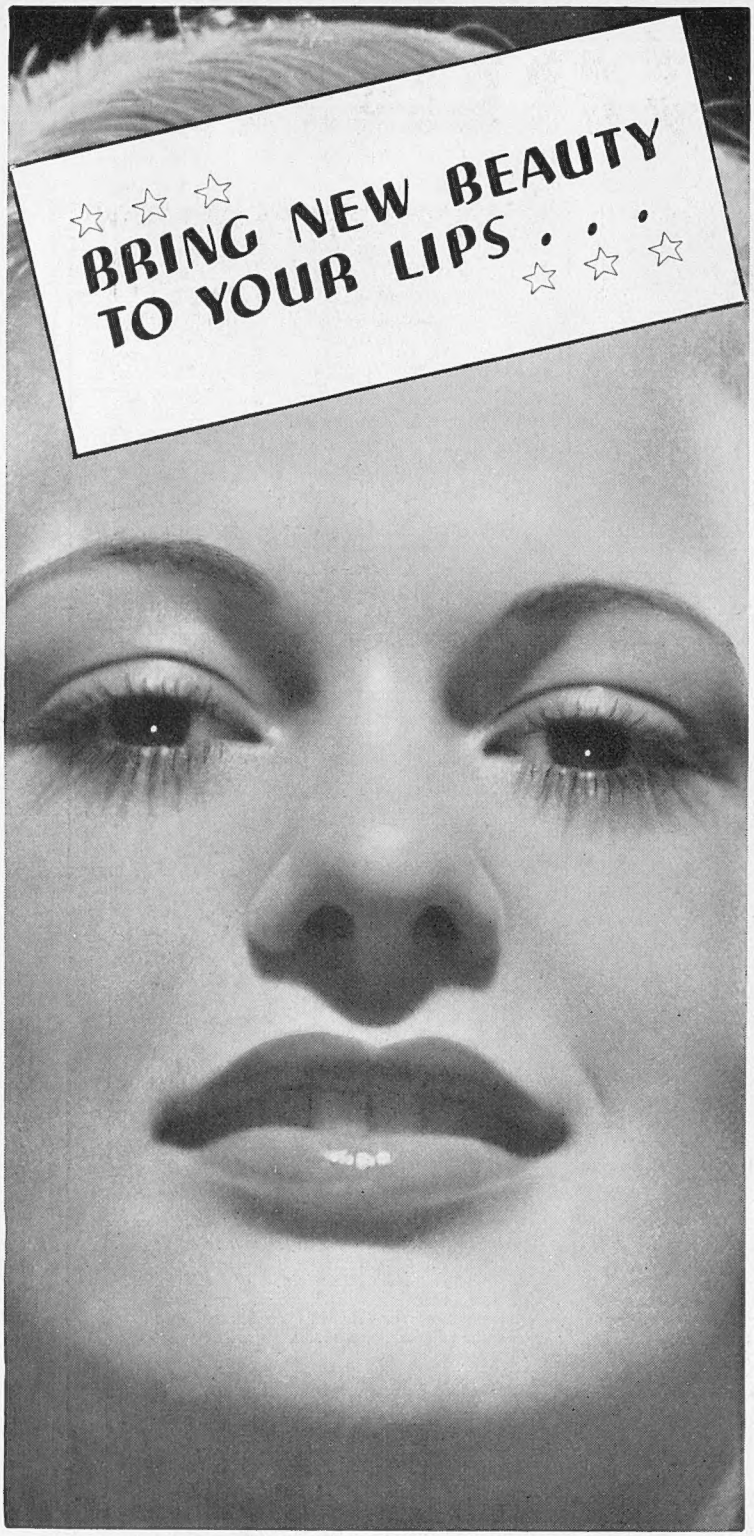
At The Oratory, Brompton, George Thomas Perry, younger son of Mr. Ernest Perry, of Belmont, Offaly, Ireland, married Maureen O'Reilly, only daughter of Mrs. Grace O'Reilly, of Wilmount, Killiney, Co. Dublin

Macnabb — Shears

James Alexander Macnabb, only son of the late Rev. and Mrs. Macnabb, married Pauline Shears at the Caxton Hall Register Office. She is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. P. J. Shears, of Commandant's House, Beachley, Chepstow

Marsh — de La Chapelle

Philip Harley Marsh and Pauline de La Chapelle were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of Dr. and the late Mrs. Marsh, of Shanghai; she is the daughter of Colonel Comte and Comtesse de La Chapelle, of Rudgwick, Sussex



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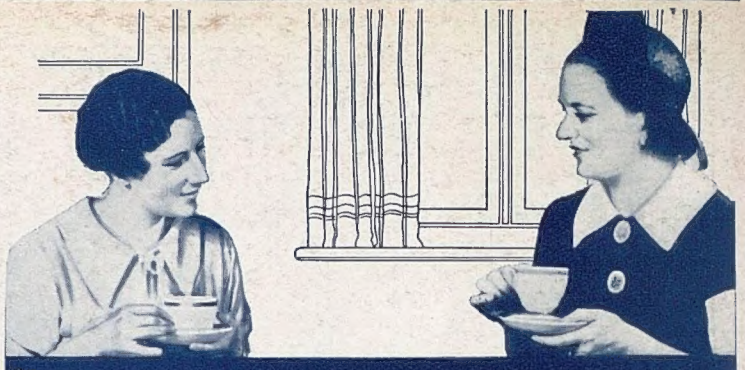

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